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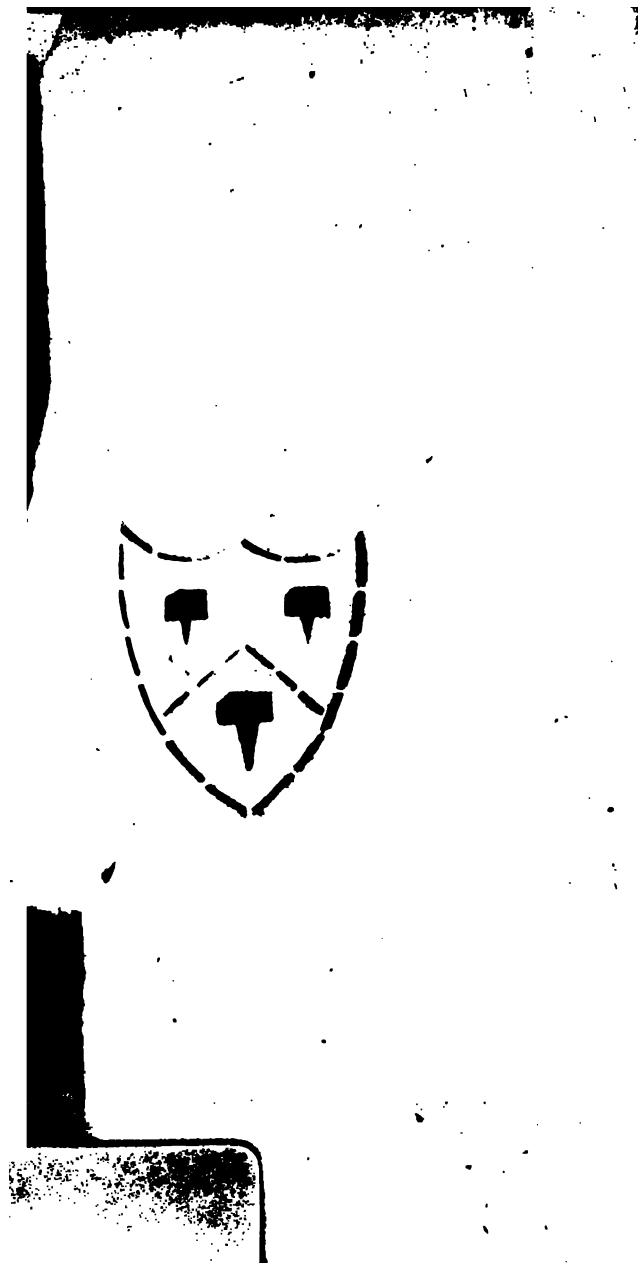
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Printed

A
COLLECTION of POEMS.

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED;

WITH NOTES.

VOL. IV.



A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS
IN SIX VOLUMES.
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.
WITH NOTES.



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL.
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A N E L E G Y^a

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD,

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day^b,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now

^a Dr. Johnson observes, that this Elegy abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom

VOL. IV.

A

returns

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning, *Tut ev'n these bones are*, says he, original: I have never seen the sentiments in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them.

IMITATION.

b ——— squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante Purg. l. 8. G.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour ;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

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Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

VARIATIONS.

c The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
 Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
 But more to innocence their safety owe,
 Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.
 And thou, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
 Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
 By night and lonely contemplation led
 To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:
 Hark! how the sacred Calm, that breathes around,
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
 In still small accents whispering from the ground
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.
 No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
 Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
 But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
 Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

And here the Poem, says Mr. Mason, was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed Swain, &c. suggested itself to the Author. The third of these rejected stanzas is not inferior to any in the whole Elegy.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires^d.

For

IMITATION.

* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppio noi pien di faville.

Petrarch, son. 169.

G.

VARIATION.

Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

" Thus (says Mr. Maſon) it ſtood in the firſt and ſome following
" editions, and I think rather better; for the authority of Petrarch
" does

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn'.

' There

" does not destroy the appearance of quaintness in the other: the
 " thought however is rather obscurely expressed in both readings. He
 " means to say, in plain prose, that we wish to be remembered by our
 " friends after our death, in the same manner as when alive we wished
 " to be remembered by them in our absence: this would be expressed
 " clearer, if the metaphorical term *fires* was rejected, and the line run
 " thus:

" Awake and faithful to her first desires."

In Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, v. 3880,

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yrekin.

There is, says Mr. Tyrwhitt, so great a resemblance between this line and the above, that I should certainly have considered the latter as an imitation, if Mr. Gray had not referred us to the sonnet of Petrarch as his original.

VARIATION.

' On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in the first manuscript, followed this stanza:

- ‘ There at the’foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ‘ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove :
 ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
 ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
 ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree :
 ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;
 ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array,
 ‘ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
 ‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn ^f.

The

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 While o’er the heath we hied, our labour done,
 Oft as the woodlark pip’d her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

“ I rather wonder (says Mr. Mason) that he rejected this stanza, as
 “ it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy which charms us pe-
 “ culiarly in this part of the poem, but also completes the account of
 “ his whole day ; whereas, this evening scene being omitted, we have
 “ only his morning walk and his noontide repose.”

^f Between this line and the epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a
 very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions,

but

The E P I T A P H.

*H*ERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose) &
 The bosom of his Father, and his God.

but afterwards omitted; because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

IMITATION.

& ————— paventosa speme.

Petrarch, son. 114. G.

H Y M N

HYMN to ADVERSITY^b.

By the Same.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Pow'r,
 Thou Tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The Bad affright, afflict the Best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

^b An imitation, as Dr. Johnson observes, of the 35th Ode of the first book of Horace, beginning, *O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium* ; but Mr. Gray has excelled his original, by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic Train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart,
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 † Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

† "The many hard consonants (says Mr. Mason) which occur in
 "this line, hurt the ear. Mr. Gray perceived it himself, but did not
 "alter it, as the words themselves were those which best conveyed his
 "idea, and therefore did not chuse to sacrifice sense to sound."

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

IN TWO CANTOS^k.

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

Inscribed to Lady LANGHAM^l, Widow of Sir JOHN
LANGHAM, Bart.

By GILBERT WEST, Esq.

Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum facit. Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, magnanimum: cætera pusilla & puerilia sunt.—Plus scire velle quàm sit jatis intemperantiæ genus est. Quid, quod ista liberalium artium confectio molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes facit, & ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua didicerunt.

SEN. Ep. 88.

O Goodly DISCIPLINE! from heaven y-sprung!
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!

To whom the *Graces*, and the *Nine* belong:

O! bid those *Graces*, in fair chorus join'd

^k One canto only of this poem was published. The objections that were made to the obsolete words are said to have occasioned its being left unfinished.

^l Lady Langham was the author's mother.

With

With each bright *Virtue* that adorns the mind !
 O bid the *Musics*, thine harmonious train,
 Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
 Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain,
 That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain !

And THOU, whose pious and maternal care,
 The substitute of heavenly Providence,
 With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
 And train me up to manly strength and sense ;
 With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
 Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
 To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence ;
 Where Happiness heart-felt, Contentment sweet,
 Philosophy divine aye hold their blest retreat ;

THOU, most belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd !
 Accept this verse, to thy large merit due !
 And blame me not, if by each tie endear'd,
 Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
 The whiles this *moral thesis* I pursue,
 And trace the *plan* of goodly^m *Nurture* o'er,
 I bring thy *modest virtues* into view ;
 And proudly boast that from *thy* precious store,
 Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

^m Nurture, Education.

And

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
 The valued gifts, thy careful love bestow'd ;
 If imitating THEE, well as I may,
 I labour to diffuse th' important good,
 'Till this great truth by all be understood ;
 " That all the pious duties which we owe,
 " Our parents, friends, our country, and our God ;
 " The seeds of every virtue here below,
 " From *Discipline* alone, and early *Culture*, grow."

C A N T O I.

A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight, as toⁿ PÆDIA's house
 He his young son conveys,
 Is paid by CUSTOM ; with him fights,
 And his vain pride dismays.*

I.

A Gentle KNIGHT there was, whose noble deeds
 O'er *Fairy Land* by Fame were blazon'd round :
 For warlike enterprize, and sage^o areeds,
 Among the chief alike was he renown'd ;

ⁿ Pædia is a Greek word, signifying Education.

^d Areeds, counsels.

Whence

Whence with the marks of highest honours crown'd
 By GLORIANA, in domestic peace,
 That port to which the wife are ever bound,
 He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
 Of bustling busy life, for calm sequestred ease.

II.

There in domestic virtue rich and great
 As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain,
 Long in primæval patriarchal state,
 The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
 He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
 Of wedded faith y-link'd, a *matron* sage
 Aye dwelt; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
 Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
 Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

III.

From this fair union, not of fordid gain,
 But merit simular and mutual love,
 True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
 Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
 Which round the temple of *Olympic Jove*,
 Bigirt with youthful bloom the *parent tree*,
 The *sacred olive*; whence old *Elis* wove

[*Parent tree, the sacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred, and from that were taken the Olympic crowns. See Pausanias. Eliac. and the Dissertation on the Olympic games.

Her

Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The ¹ guerdons of bold strength, and swift activity.

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
These generous scyons : they with watchful care
Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear :
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a ² *Palmer* sage instructed were,
Who from deep thought and studious search erewhile
Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

V.

For by celestial *Wisdom* whilom led
Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the ³ sted
To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd;
And how sensation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darksome *grotte*,
Where variously disjointed or combin'd,
As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive thought.

¹ Guerdons, rewards.

² Palmer, pilgrim. The Person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

³ Sted, place, station.

VI.

* Also through the fields of *Science* had he stray'd
 With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
 Through each learn'd *school*, each *philosophic shade*,
 Where *Truth* and *Virtue* erst were deem'd to lie;
 If haply the fair vagrants he ^u mote spy,
 Or hear the music of their charming sort:
 But all unable there to satisfy
 His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
 The *sacred writ of Faith*; to learn, believe, adore.

VII.

Thence foe profess'd of *Falsehood* and *Deceit*,
 Those sly artificers of tyranny,
 * Aye holding up before uncertain feet
 His faithful light, to *Knowledge*, *Liberty*,
 Mankind he led, to *Civil Policy*,
 And mild *Religion's* charitable law,
 That, fram'd by *Mercy* and *Benignity*,
 The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
 And free-created souls with penal terrors awp.

VIII.

† Ne with these glorious gifts elate and vain
 Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride;
 But, stooping from his height, would even deign
 The feeble steps of *Infancy* to guide.

* Also, also, further.

^u Aye, ever.

* Mote, might.

† Ne, nor.

Eternal glory Him therefore betide!
 Let every generous youth *his* praise proclaim!
 Who, wand'ring through the world's rude forest wide,
 By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
 To *Virtue's* sweet abodes, and heav'n-aspiring *Fame*!

IX.

For this the FAIRY KNIGHT with anxious thought,
 And fond paternal care his counsel pray'd;
 And him of gentlest courtesy besought
 His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid;
 The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
 Through devious paths to that secure retreat,
 Where sage PÆDIA, with each tuneful maid,
 On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
 'Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
 And that same virtuous *Palmer* them to guide;
 Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
 Y-mounted high, in military pride,
 His little train before he slow did ride.
 Him eke behind a gentle *Squire* ^z ensues,
 With his young *lord* aye marching side by side,
 His counsellour and guard in goodly ^a thews,
 Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every Muse.

^z Ensues, follows.^a Thews, manners.

XI.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
 With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
 Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
 Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain,
 That fruitful shew'd, and apt for every grain,
 For pastures, vines and flow'rs; while Nature fair,
 Sweet-smiling all around with count'nance^b fain,
 Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
 Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

XII.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil,
 Aye wont in happy season to repay
 With tenfold usury the peasant's toil.
 But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
 Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
 The sheep shorne down with barren^c brakes o'er-grown;
 The whiles the merry peasants sport and play,
 All as the public evil were unknown,
 Or every public care from every breast was flown.

XIII.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
 And so deform'd; with wonder and delight
 At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
 In studious thought awhile the Fairy Knight

^b Fain, earnest, eager.

^c Brakes, briars.

Bent on that goodly^d lond his eager fight:
 Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
 What towns and castles therein were^e empight;
 For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
 And to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming eye.

XIV.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
 To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
 Emongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
 Black was the wave and fordid, cover'd o'er
 With angry foam, and stain'd with infants gore.
 Thereto along th' unlovely margin flood
 A birchen grove that, waving from the shore,
 Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
 And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

XV.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
 Not distant far a *forked mountain* rose;
 In outward form presenting to the sight
 That fam'd *Parnassian* hill, on whose fair brows
 The *Nine Aonian Sisters* wont repose,
 Lift'ning to sweet *Castalia's* sounding stream,
 Which through the plains of *Cirrhæ* murm'ring flows.
 But This to That compar'd mote justly seem
 Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

^d Lond, land.^e Empight, placed.

XVI.

For this nor founded deep, nor spreaden wide,
 Nor high up-rai's'd above the level plain,
 By toiling art through tedious years applied,
 From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
 Was ^f erst up-thrown; if so it mote attain,
 Like that *poetic mountain*, to be ^g hight
 The noble feat of *Learning's* goodly train.
 Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
 It like a garden fair most curiously was ^h dight.

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
 By measure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
 With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
 That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade;
 Each correspondent twain alike array'd
 With like embellishments of plants and flow'rs,
 Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
 Through shells of Tritons their ascending show'rs,
 And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven bow'rs.

XVIII.

There likewise mote be seen on every side
 The yew obedient to the planter's will,
 And shapely box of all their branching pride
 Ungently shone, and with preposterous skill

^f Erst, formerly. ^g Hight, called, named. ^h Dight, drest.

To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
 Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size;
 Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill
 High-heaping, fought with impious vainⁱ emprise,
 Despite of thund'ring *Jove*, to scale the steepy skies.

XIX.

Alse other wonders of the sportive shears
 Fair Nature mis-adorning there were found;
 Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers
 With spouting urns and budding statues crown'd;
 And horizontal dials on the ground
 In living box by cunning artists trac'd;
 And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
 But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast;
^{*} All were their bellying sails out-spread to every blast.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
 With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown;
 And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
 And vistas broad, the velvet slopes adown
 The ever verdant trees of *Daphne* shone.
 But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
 From *Latian* plains, and *Grecian Helicon*,
 They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mold,
 By changeful summers starv'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold,

ⁱ Emprise, enterprize, attempt.

^{*} All, used frequently by the old English poets for although.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty *Nine Virgins* fate,
In features various, as unlike in mind :
Alse boasted they themselves of heav'nly kind,
And to the sweet *Parnassian Nymphs* allied ;
Thence round their brows the *Delphic bay* they twin'd,
And, matching with high names their apish pride,
O'er every learned *school* aye claim'd they to preside.

XXII.

In antique garbs, for modern they disdain'd,
By *Greek* and *Roman* artists ¹ whilom made,
Of various woofs, and variously distain'd,
With tints of every hue, were they array'd ;
And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepared
Erst by the *Muses* or th' *Aonian Maid*,
To deck great *Tullius* or the *Mantuan Bard* ;
Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splendor glared.

XXXIII.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
And usages by Time cast far behind.

¹ Whilom, formerly.

Thence,

Thence, to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase,
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
Ne *sacred Truth* herself would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward casting their survey;
To *Rome's* old ruins and the groves forlorn
Of elder *Aibens*, which in prospect lay
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.
Then gathering up, with superstitious care,
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This *Ennius*, *Varro*; This the *Stagyrite* did wear.

XXV.

Yet, under names of venerable sound,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful rod;
Through all the provinces of *Learning* own'd
For *teachers* of whate'er is wise and good.
Alse from each region to their ^m drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The *streams* of Science; which united flow'd
Adown the *mount*, from *nine* rich sources cast;
And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

^m Drad, dreadful.

XXVI. O'er

XXVI.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
 One of those *Virgin Sisters* did preside;
 Who, dignifying with her noble *name*
 Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
 The heady vapours of *scholastic pride*
 Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
 Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
 Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
 And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on every side,
 In circuit vast, a verdant valley spread;
 Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
 Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
 By various sluices from one common head;
 A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
 Hight of *Philology* the lake; and fed
 By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
 Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

XXVIII.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
 Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
 Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,
 By nurses, guardians, fathers dragg'd along:

Who

Who helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
 Were torn reluctant from the tender side
 Of their fond mothers, and by ^a *faitours* strong,
 By pow'r made insolent, and hard by pride,
 Were driv'n with furious rage, and lash'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
 And casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
 If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
 Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
 But far away th' unheeding father flies,
 Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
 While close behind, assuming the disguise
 Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,
 With secret scourges arm'd those grievously *faitours* press.

XXX.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
 When the young sun with flowery *Maia* rides,
 With innocent dismay a bleating flock
 Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
 The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
 Their ° feely fear; at length impatient grown,
 With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides;
 And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
 Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

^a *Faitour*, doer, from faire to do, and fait deed, commonly used by
 Spenser in a bad sense.

° Feely, simple.

XXXI.

Thus, urg'd by maff'ring *Fear* and dol'rous *Teen*,
 Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
 Right piteous was the fpectacle, I ween,
 Of tender ftriplings ftain'd with tears and blood,
 Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
 And labouring to attain the diftant fhire,
 Where holding forth the *gown* of *manhood* flood
 The *firen Liberty*, and ever-more
 Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

XXXII.

Irkfome and long the paffage was, perplex'd
 With rugged rocks on which the raving tide,
 By fudden burfts of angry tempefts vex'd,
 Oft dafh'd the youth, whole ftrength mote ill abide
 With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
 Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-paft
 The middle fream (for they in vain have tried)
 Again return'd *astounded* and aghaft;
 Ne one regardful look would ever backward caft.

XXXIII.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
 Their toilsome courfe with patient pain purfu'd;
 And though with many a bruife and *muchel* blame,
 Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embu'd

Teen, pain, grief. *Astounded*, aftonifhed. *Muchel*, much.

Deep

Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdu'd
 And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
 But in life's practice * lear unskill'd and rude,
 Forth to that *forked bill* they silent pac'd,
 Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours they waste.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
 Though with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
 Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
 By *hiring* guides and in all depths sustain'd,
 Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
 Save with the sprinkling of the wat'ry spray :
 And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
 Of ignorance and ease and wanton play,
 Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas how few ! by heav'n's high will
 With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
 † Albe fore † mated by the tempests shrill,
 That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
 By their own *native vigour* borne along
 Cut briskly through the waves ; and forces new
 Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
 Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
 And to the true * *Parnass*, and heav'n-thron'd glory, flew.

* Lear, learning.

† Albe, although.

‡ Mated, amazed, scared.

* Parnasse, Parnassus.

XXXVI. Diré

XXXVI.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
 Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
 Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and γ singults fore
 Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
 And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
 Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
 Of all the various speeches that z while-ere
 On *Shinar's* wide-spread champain did astound
 High *Babel's* builders vain, and their proud works confound.

XXXVII.

Much was the KNIGHT empassion'd at the scene,
 But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
 Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
 On his pale cheek the signs of dread impress'd,
 And fill'd his eyes with tears, which fore distress'd
 Up to his fire he rais'd in mournful wile;
 Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
 His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise;
 Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
 By a rude voice, that, like th' united sound
 Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
 And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground:

γ Singults, sighs.

z While-ere, formerly.

The

The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
 " Arrest, *Sir Knight*, it cried, thy fond career,
 " Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
 " That awful majesty which all revere !
 " In my commands, *Sir Knight*, the voice of nations hear !"

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the KNIGHT, and saw upon the plain,
 Advancing tow'rd him with impetuous gate,
 And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
 A monstrous GIANT, on whose brow elate
 Shone the bright ensign of imperial state ;
 Albeit lawful kingdom he had none ;
 But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
 And oft'times over both erect his throne,
 While senates, priests, and kings, his ^a sov'ran sceptre own.

XL.

CUSTOM he hight ; and aye in every land
 Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
 O'er all he holds ; and to his high command
 Constrains ev'n stubborn *Nature* to obey ;
 Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
 To govern in her right : and with a pace
 So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
 That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
 And tho' deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul dis-
 grace.

^a Sov'ran, for sovereign.

XLI.

For nurt'ring, even from their tend'rest age,
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alse his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuades them to revere,
As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

XLII.

Protector therefore of that *forked bill*,
And mighty patron of those *Sisters Nine*,
Who there enthron'd, with many a copious rill,
Feed the full streams, that through the valley shine,
He deemed was ; and aye with rites divine,
^b Like those which *Sparta's* hardy race of yore
Where wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
He doth constrain his vassals to adore
Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the FAIRY KNIGHT now drawing near,
With voice terrific and imperious mien,
(All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
When known and practised than at distance seen)

And

^b The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. And I myself (says Plutarch, in his *Life*

of

And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
 Him he commandeth, upon threat'ned pain
 Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
 From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
 And all due honours pay to *Learning's* rev'rend train.

XLIV.

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
 His peremptory hand without delay,
 As one who little cared to justify
 His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,
 Upon the *Fairy Youth* with great dismay
 In every quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd:
 And proudly stalking o'er the verdant ^c lay,
 Him to those *scientific streams* convey'd,
 With many his young compeers therein to be ^d embay'd.

XLV.

The KNIGHT his tender son's distressful ^e scour
 Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew:
 Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that pow'r,
 Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
 For that proud GIANT's force he wisely knew,
 Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
 With rash presumption; and with courage true,
 Rather than step from Virtue's paths aside,
 Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-diminishing pride.

of Lycurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death, at
 the foot of the altar of Diana surnamed Orthia.

^c Lay, mead.
 misfortune, &c.

^d Embay'd, bathed, dipt.

^e Scour, trouble,

XLVI.

And now, disdaining parle, his courser hot
 He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful spear ;
 Where-with the GIANT he so rudely smot,
 That him perforce constrain'd to ^f wend arrear.
 Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
 Yet his accustom'd pride recov'ring soon,
 Forth-with his massy sceptre 'gan up-rear ;
 For other warlike weapon he had none,
 Ne other him behoved to quell his boldest ^g fone.

XLVII.

With that enormous *mace* the FAIRY KNIGHT
 So sore he ^h bet, that all his armour bray'd,
 To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
 Of so tempestuous strokes ; but He was stay'd,
 And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
 The sudden changes of the doubtful fray ;
 From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
 When force unequal did him hard assay :
 So lightly from his steed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then swiftly drawing forth his ⁱ trenchant blade,
 High o'er his head he held his fenceless shield ;
 And warily fore-casting to evade
 The GIANT's furious arm, about him wheel'd

^f Wend arrear, move backwards.

^g Fone, foes.

^h Bet, bear ; bray'd, resounded,

ⁱ Trenchant, cutting.

With

With restless steps aye traversing the field.
 And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
 Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
 With his sharp sword so oft he did him ^k gride,
 That his gold-fandal'd feet in crimson floods were dyed.

XLIX.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound ;
 But far above his utmost reach were ^l pight
 The forts of life : ne ever to confound
 With utter ruin, and abolish quite
 A power so puissant by his single might
 Did he presume to hope : Himself alone
 From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
 He stood ; content to bow to CUSTOM's throne,
 So REASON mote not blush his sov'ran rule to own.

L.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
 His foe, that weary wex'd he of the fray ;
 Yet ^m nould he algates lower his haughty crest ;
 But masking in contempt his fore disinay,
 Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
 As one unworthy of his princely care ;
 Then proudly casting on the warlike ⁿ fay
 A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
 'Gan blow his shrilling horn ; the blast was heard afar.

^k Gride, cut, hack.
 would not by any means.

^l Pight, placed.
ⁿ Fay, fairy.

^m Nould he algates,

LI.

Eftfoons aftonifh'd at th' alarming found,
 The fignal of diftreff and hostile wrong,
 Confufedly trooping from all quarters round,
 Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
 Of every fex and order, old and young;
 The vaffals of great CusTOM's wide domain,
 Who to his lore inur'd by ufage long,
 His every fummons heard with pleafure fain,
 And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

LII.

They, when their bleeding *king* they did behold,
 And faw an armed KNIGHT him ftanding near,
 Attended by that *Palmer* fage and bold,
 Whose vent'rous fearch of devious Truth while-ere
 Spread through the realms of *Learning* horrors drear,
 Y-feized were at firft with terrors great;
 And in their boding hearts began to fear
 Diffention factious, controversial hate,
 And innovations ftrange in CusTOM's peaceful ftate.

LIII.

But when they faw the KNIGHT his fauchon fheathe,
 And climbing to his fteed march thence away,
 With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
 With freer fpirit, and with afpect gay

Soon

Soon chased the gathering clouds of black affray,
 Alse their great monarch, cheered with the view
 Of myriads, who confess his sov'ran sway,
 His ruffled pride began to plume anew ;
 And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

LIV.

There-at the multitude, that stood around;
 Sent up at once a universal roar
 Of boisterous joy : the sudden-bursting sound,
 Like the explosion of a warlike store
 Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted ° welkin tore.
 Then turning towards the KNIGHT, with scoffings lowd,
 Heart-piercing insults, and revilings fore;
 Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
 As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps pursued.

LV.

Alse from that *forked bill*, the boasted seat
 Of studious *Peace* and mild *Philosophy*,
 Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
 Mustering their rage ; eke baleful *Infamy*;
 Rouz'd from her den of base obscurity
 By those same *Maidens Nine*, began to sound
 Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy :
 While *Satire*, with dark clouds encompast round,
 Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to wound.

• Welkin, sky.

LVI.

But the brave FAIRY KNIGHT, no whit dismay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain ;
With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
Through the wide provinces of CUSTOM's reign,
What mote afresh admonish him remain
Fast by his virtuous purpose ; all around
So many objects mov'd his just disdain,
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound
In city, village, bow'r, or castle mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, castle, bow'r, and hall,
Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne suffer'd aught disturb their merry glee ;
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
Restraint of law, Religion's drad decree,
Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
Nor heav'n's tempestuous threats, nor earth's convulsive
throws.

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heav'n's disposing hand
Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage,
And plac'd within their call the sacred band
That waits on Nurture and Instruction fage,

If happy, their wise ^P hefts mote them engage
 To climb through knowledge to more noble praise,
 And as they mount, enlighten every age
 With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays,
 Which from the awful heights of Grandeur brighter blaze.

LIX.

They, O perverse and base ingratitude !
 Despising the great ends of Providence,
 For which above their mates they were endued
 With wealth, authority, and eminence,
 To the low services of brutal sense
 Abused the means of pleasures more refined,
 Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
 And, fettering on her throne th' immortal mind,
 The guidance of her realm to passions wild resigned.

LX.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
 Nought worthy of their kind did they assay;
 But, or benumb'd with palsied Idleness
 In merely living loiter'd life away;
 Or by false taste of pleasure led astray,
 For-ever wand'ring in the sensual bow'rs
 Of feverish Debauch, and lustful Play,
 Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
 And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

^P Hefts, behests, precepts, commands.

LXI.

Ev'n they, to whom kind Nature did accord
 A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
 Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
 Of beastly *Comus* loathing, they declin'd;
 Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
 Like painted insects, through the summer-air
 With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
 And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
 Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none, who only sought
 With vain amusements to beguile the day;
 And wherefore should they take or care or thought,
 Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
 "Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
 So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind;
 Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
 And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
 Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the search; for every where,
 As nigh great CUSTOM's royal tow'rs the KNIGHT
 Pass'd through th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
 The merry voice of festival Delight

Saluting the return of morning bright
 With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
 Scarce ended ; and again with dewy night,
 In cover'd theatres, or leafy bow'rs,
 Offering her evening-vows to *Pleasure's* joyous pow'rs.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he espy
 Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
 Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
 By land, by water, passing aye along
 With mummers, antics, music, dance and song,
 To *Pleasure's* numerous temples, that beside
 The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
 To every idle foot stood open wide,
 And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

LXV.

For there each heart with divers charms to move
 The sly inchantress summoned all her train :
 Alluring *Venus*, queen of vagrant love,
 The boon companion *Bacchus* loud and vain,
 And tricking *Hermes*, god of fraudulent gain,
 Who, when blind *Fortune* throws, directs the die,
 And *Plæbus* tuning his soft *Lydian* strain
 To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
 And thought-beguiling shew, and masking revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet associates there for noble youth,
 Who to true honour meaneth to aspire :
 And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth
 Would keep his manly faculties entire.
 The which avizing well, the cautious fire
 From that soft *fren land of Pleasaunce* vain,
 With timely haste was minded to retire,
 Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain
 His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious stain.

LXVII.

So turning from the beaten road aside,
 Through many a devious path at length he paced,
 As that experienc'd *Palmer* did him guide,
 'Till to a mountain hoare they come at last ;
 Whose high-rais'd brows, with silvan honours graced,
 Majestically frown'd upon the plain,
 And over all an awful horror cast ;
 Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,
 Which spangled all the vale like *Flora's* painted train.

LXVIII.

The hill ascended strait, ere-while they came
 To a tall grove, whose thick-embow'ring shade,
 Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
 Ev'n at midnight a dubious twilight made ;

Or ere, before,

Like

Like to that sober light, which difarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-musing
themes.

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
Of clust'ring oaks, a silvan colonnade,
Aye list'ning to the native melody
Of birds sweet-echoing through the lonely shade,
On to the centre of the grove they stray'd;
Which, in a spacious circle opening round,
Within its shelt'ring arms securely laid,
Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties crown'd.

LXX.

There, on the basis of an ancient pile,
Whose cross surmounted spire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable MATRON they ere-while
Discover'd have, beside a murm'ring flood
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing cheer by turns express'd,
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now over-kest.

† Over-kest, for over-cast.

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
 When-as the *Knigh*t perceiv'd, he nearer drew ;
 To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
 And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew.
 For that right noble MATRON well he knew ;
 And many perils huge, and labours fore
 Had for her sake endur'd ; her vassal true,
 Train'd in her love, and practiced evermore
 Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

O dearest drad ! he cried, fair *island queen* !
 Mother of heroes ! *empress* of the main !
 What means that stormy brow of troubles teen ?
 • Sith heav'n-born *Peace*, with all her smiling train
 Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign
 With wealth and knowledge, splendour and renown ?
 Each port how throng'd ! how fruitful every plain !
 How blithe the country ! and how gay the town !
 While *Liberty* secures and heightens every boon !

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
 By these fair flattering words, she rais'd her head ;
 And bending on the KNIGHT her frowning brow,
 Mock'st thou my sorrows, *Fairy's Son* ? she said

* Sith, since.

Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
 To deem that certain, which thy hopes suggest?
 To deem them full of life and † lustihead,
 Whose cheeks in *Hebe's* vivid tints are drest,
 And with *Joy's* careless mien, and dimpled smiles imprest?

LXXIV.

Thy unsuspecting heart how pobly good
 I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause!
 And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
 Th' assaults of mighty *Custom*, which o'er-awes
 The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
 From *Reason's* lore the ambitious and the vain
 By the sweet lure of popular applause,
 Against their better knowledge, to maintain
 The lawless throne of *Vice*, or *Folly's* childish reign.

LXXV.

How vast his influence! how wide his sway!
 Thy self ere-while by proof didst understand:
 And saw'st, as through his realms thou took'st thy way,
 How *Vice* and *Folly* had o'er-spread the land.
 And can'st thou then, O *Fairy's Son*, demand
 The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
 The throbblings of my heart with speeches bland,
 And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
 The once dear names of *Wealth*, and *Liberty*, and *Peace*?

† Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

LXXVI. *Peace,*

LXXVI.

Peace, *Wealth*, and *Liberty*, that noblest boon,
 Are blessings only to the *wife* and *good*.
 To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
 And thence abused but serve to furnish food
 For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
 With high-spiced luxury; whence strife, debate,
 Ambition, envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,
 Contempt of order, manners profligate;
 The symptoms of a foul, diseased, and bloated state.

LXXVII.

Ev'n *Wit* and *Genius*, with their learned train
 Of Arts and Muses, though from heav'n above
 Descended, when their talents they prophane
 To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
 And aid excentric sceptic *Pride* to rove
 Beyond *celestial Truth's* attractive sphere,
 This *moral system's central sun*, aye prove
 To their fond votaries a curse severe,
 And only make mankind more obstinately err.

LXXVIII.

And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
 Have they consider'd well, and understood
 The use and import of those blessings dear,
 Which the great *Lord of Nature* hath bestow'd

As well to prove, as to reward the good ?
 Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
 Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
 The fell *leviatban* licentious plays,
 And upon ship-wreck'd faith, and sinking virtue prays?

LXXIX.

To you, ye Noble, Opulent, and Great !
 With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal !
 Upon your vital influences wait
 The health and sickness of the common-weal ;
 The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
 In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
 Will *Truth* and *Reason* make their just appeal ;
 In vain will *sacred Wisdom* cry aloud ;
 And *Justice* drench in vain her vengeful sword in blood.

LXXX.

With you must reformation first take place :
 You are the head, the intellectual mind
 Of this vast body politic ; whose base,
 And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
 All the rich stores of Science have resign'd
 To You, that by the craftsman's various toil,
 The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
 In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 You, for yourselves and them, may dress the mental soil.

LXXXI. Be-

LXXXI.

Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
 In you repos'd; ne let your heav'n-born mind
 Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust;
 But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 The godlike task to teach and mend mankind:
 Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
 Yourselfes the way: the herd will croud behind,
 And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
 "Example is a lesson, that all men can read."

LXXXII.

But if (to All or Most I do not speak)
 In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
 The strong *Circean charm* you cannot break,
 Nor re-assume at will your native ^u mould,
 Yet envy not the state, you could not hold,
 And take compassion on the rising age:
 In them redeem your errours manifold;
 And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
 In Virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

LXXXIII.

You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
 The prevalence of *CUSTOM* lewd and vain;
 And you, who, though by the rude torrent borne
 Unwillingly along you yield with pain

^u Mould, shape, form.

To his behests, and act what you disdain;
 Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
 Of piety and truth, no more restrain
 The manly zeal; but all your sinews move
 The present to reclaim, the future race improve!

LXXXIV:

Estfoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
 Yon haughty GIANT; who so proudly sways
 A sceptre by repute alone upheld;
 Who where he cannot dictate strait obeys:
 Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
 To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
 Your party he will join, your maxims praise;
 And, drawing after all his menial fry,
 Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

LXXXV:

Ne for th' atchievement of this great emprise
 The want of means or counsel may ye dread;
 From my TWIN-DAUGHTERS' fruitful wombs shall rise
 A race of letter'd sages; deeply read
 In *Learning's* various writ: by whom y-led
 Through each well-cultur'd plot; each beauteous grove,
 Where *antique Wisdom* whilom wont to tread;
 With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
 And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

LXXXVI.

Yourself, with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Historians, bards, philosophers have taught;
Join'd with whatever else of modern date
Maturer Judgement, search more accurate,
Discover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn state
Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
That leads thro' *Learning's* vale to *Wisdom's* bright abode.

LXXXVII.

By you invited to her secret bow'rs,
Then shall PÆDIA reascend her throne
With vivid laurels girt, and fragrant flow'rs;
While from their *forked mount* descending down
Yon supercilious *pedant train* shall own
Her empire paramount, ere long by Her
Y-taught a lesson in their schools unknown,
“To *Learning's* richest treasures to prefer
“The *knowledge* of the world, and *man's* great business there.”

LXXXVIII.

On this prime science, as the final end
Of all her discipline, and nurturing care,
Her eye PÆDIA fixing eye shall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare

Her tender pupils for the various war,
 Which *Vice* and *Folly* shall upon them wage,
 As on the perilous march of life they fare,
 With prudent lore fore-arming every age
 'Gainst *Pleasure's* treacherous joys, and *Pain's* embattled rage.

LXXXIX.

Then shall my youthful sons, to Wisdom led
 By fair example and ingenuous praise,
 With willing feet the paths of *Duty* tread,
 Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
 Conducted by *Religion's* sacred rays,
 Whose soul-invigorating influence
 Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
 Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
 And swell th' ennobled heart with blest benevolence.

XC.

Then also shall this emblematic pile,
 By *magic* whilom fram'd to sympathize
 With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
 Still as my sons in fame and virtue rise,
 Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding skies
 Its radiant cross up-lift; the while to grace
 The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
 Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
 Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious race.

XCI.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
 She rose majestic from her lowly sted;
 While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame
 Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
 That *monumental pile*; and as her head
 To every *front* she turn'd, discover'd round
 The venerable forms of heroes dead;
 Who for their various merit erst renown'd,
 In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

XCII.

On *these* that *royal dame* her ravish'd eyes
 Would oft'en feast: and ever as she spy'd
 Forth from the ground the *length'ning structure* rise
 With *new-plac'd statues* deck'd on every side,
 Her parent-breast would swell with gen'rous pride.
 And now with her in that sequester'd plain,
 The *Knight* awhile constraining to abide,
She to the *Fairy Youth* with pleasure fain
 Those *sculptur'd chiefs* did shew, and their great lives explain *.

* *Great lives explain.*] I cannot forbear taking occasion from these words, to make my acknowledgments to the writers of the *Biographia Britannica*, for the pleasure and profit I have lately received from perusing the two first volumes of that useful and entertaining work, of which the *monumental structure* above-mentioned, decorated with the statues of *great and good men*, is no improper emblem. This work, which contains the *lives of the most eminent persons, who have flourished in Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest ages down to the present time*, appears to me, as far as it has hitherto gone, to be executed with great *spirit, accuracy, and judgment*; and deserves,

in my opinion, to be encouraged by all, who have at heart the honour of their country, and that of their particular families and friends; and who can any ways assist the ingenious and laborious authors, to render as perfect as possible, a design so apparently calculated to serve the public, by setting in the truest and fullest light the characters of persons already generally, though perhaps too indistinctly known; and retrieving from obscurity and oblivion examples of private and retired merit, which, though less glaring and ostentatious than the former, are not, however, of a less extensive or less beneficial influence. To those, who may happen not to have seen this repository of *British* glory, I cannot give a better idea of it, than in the following lines of *Virgil*:

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
 Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
 Quique pii vates & Phæbo digna locuti;
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Virg. *Æn.* L. 6.

The End of the FIRST CANTO,



P E N S H U R S T ^a.

INSCRIBED TO

WILLIAM PERRY, Esq;

AND

The Honourable Mrs. ELIZABETH PERRY ^b,

BY MR. FRANCIS COVENTRY ^c.

GENIUS of Penshurst old!
 Who saw'st the birth of each immortal oak,
 Here sacred from the stroke;
 And all thy tenants of yon turrets bold,

^a Near Tunbridge. The name of this seat denotes its situation to be in a woody country, which is the extremity of the Weald of Kent; to which Mr. Waller has alluded,

Embroider'd so with flow'rs where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.

In the reign of King Edward the VIth, it was forfeited to the Crown by its former proprietor; and granted by that prince to Sir William Sidney, Lord Chamberlain of his Household.

^b One of the co-heiresses of the Sidney family, niece to the last Earl of Leicester, and married to William Perry Esquire.

^c Rector of Edgware, and author of the *Adventures of Pompey the Little*. He died of the small-pox about the year 1759.

Inspir'd

Inspir'd to arts or arms ;
 Where ^d Sidney his Arcadian landscape drew,
 Genuine from thy Doric view ;
 And patriot ^e Algernon unshaken rose
 Above insulting foes ;
 And Saccharissa ^f purs'd her angel charms ;
 O suffer me with sober tread
 To enter on thy holy shade ;
 Bid smoothly-gliding Medway stand,
 And wave his sedgy tresses bland,
 A stranger let him kindly greet,
 And pour his urn beneath my feet.
 And see where ^g Perry opes his door
 To land me on the social floor ;

^d Sir Philip Sidney. ^e Algernon Sidney.

^f Lady Dorothy Sidney, eldest daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester. In the year 1639 she was married to Henry Lord Spencer, created Earl of Sunderland by King Charles I. in whose cause, a little more than four years after his marriage, he was slain at the battle of Newberry before he had completed the 23d year of his age. She afterwards married Robert Smythe Esq. of Bounds in Kent; and, having survived her first lord about 40 years, she was buried in the same vault with him at Brinton in Northamptonshire, on the 25th of Feb. 1683. Mr. Fenton observes, that the name Saccharissa, which Waller gave her, retails to mind what is related of the Turks, who in their gallantries think *Sucar Birpara*, i. e. bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they can use to the ladies.

Nor does the heirs of these shades deny
 To bend her bright majestic eye,
 Where Beauty shines, and Friendship warm,
 And Honour in a female form.
 With them in aged groves to walk,
 And lose my thoughts in artless talk,
 I shun the voice of Party loud,
 I shun loose Pleasure's idle crowd,
 And monkish academic cell,
 Where Science only feigns to dwell,
 And court, where speckled Vanity
 Apes her tricks in tawdry die,
 And shifts each hour her tinsel hue,
 Still furbelow'd in follies new.
 Here Nature no distortion wears,
 Old Truth retains his silver hairs,
 And Chastity her matron step,
 And purple Health her rosy lip.
 Ah! on the virgin's gentle brow
 How Innocence delights to glow!
 Unlike the town-dame's haughty air,
 The scornful eye and harlot's stare;
 But bending mild the bashful front,
 As modest Fear is ever wont:
 Shepherdesses such of old,
 Doric bards enamour'd told,
 While the pleas'd Arcadian vale
 Echo'd the enchanting tale.

But

But chief of Virtue's lovely train,
 A pensive exile on the plain,
 No longer active now to wield
 Th' avenging sword, protecting shield,
 Here thoughtful-walking Liberty
 Remembers Britons once were free.
 With her would Nobles old converse,
 And learn her dictates to rehearse,
 Ere yet they grew refin'd to hate
 The hospitable rural seat,
 The spacious hall with tenants stor'd,
 Where Mirth and Plenty crown'd the board:
 Ere yet their *Lares* they forsook,
 And lost the genuine British look,
 The conscious brow of inward merit,
 The rough, unbending, martial spirit,
 To clink the chain of Thraldom gay,
 And court-idolatry to pay;
 To live in city smoaks obscure,
 Where morn ne'er wakes her breezes pure,
 Where darkest midnight reigns at noon,
 And fogs eternal blot the sun.

But come, the minutes flit away,
 And eager Fancy longs to stray:
 Come, friendly Genius! lead me round
 Thy sylvan haunts and magic ground;
 Point every spot of hill or dale,
 And tell me, as we tread the vale,

“ Here

" Here mighty Dudley once would rove,
 " To plan his triumphs in the grove :
 " There loofer Waller, ever gay,
 " With Sacchariss in dalliance lay,
 " And Philip, side-long yonder spring,
 " His lavish carols wont to sing."
 Hark ! I hear the echoes call,
 Hark ! the rushing waters fall ;
 Lead me to the green retreats,
 Guide me to the Muses' seats,
 Where ancient bards retirement chose,
 Or ancient lovers wept their woes.
 What Genius points to yonder ^h oak ?
 What rapture does my soul provoke ?

There

§ It will be scarce necessary to observe, that this scandal is totally destitute of truth.

^h An oak in Penshurst-park, planted the day Sir Philip Sidney was born, of which Ben Jonson speaks in the following manner:

That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
 At his great birth, where all the Muses met.

Waller in his lines on Penshurst, says,

Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of that old tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth——

It

There let me hang a garland high,
 There let my Muse her accents try;
 Be there my earliest homage paid,
 Be there my latest vigils made :
 For thou wast planted in the earth
 The Day that shone on Sidney's birth.
 That happy time, that glorious day
 The Muses came in concert gay ;
 With harps in tune, and ready song,
 The jolly Chorus tript along ;
 In honour of th' auspicious morn,
 To hail an infant genius born :
 Next came the Fawns in order meet,
 The Satyrs next with cloven feet,

It has been reported that this oak was cut down in 1768, by the late Algernon Sidney Esq. But another writer, Mr. Hafted, speaks of it as yet standing. The following inscription for it was written by Mr. Coventry :

Stranger, kneel here! to age due homage pay!
 When great Eliza held Britannia's sway
 My growth began—the same illustrious morn,
 Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born;
 Sidney, the darling of Arcadia's swains!
 Sidney, the terror of the martial plains!
 He perish'd early; I just stay behind
 An hundred years, and lo! my clefted rind,
 My wither'd boughs, foretell destruction nigh;
 We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die,

The Dryads swift that roam the woods,
 The Naiads green that swim the floods;
 Sylvanus left his silent cave,
 Medway came dropping from the wave;
 Vertumnus led his blushing spouse,
 And Ceres shook her wheaten brows;
 And Mars with milder look was there,
 And laughing Venus grac'd the rear.
 They join'd their hands in festive dance,
 And bade the smiling babe advance;
 Each gave a gift; Sylvanus last
 Ordain'd, when all the pomp was past,
 Memorial meet, a tree to grow
 Which might to future ages shew,
 That on select occasion rare,
 A troop of Gods assembled there:
 The Naiads water'd well the ground;
 And Flora twin'd a wood-bine round:
 The tree sprung fast in hallow'd earth,
 Co-æval with th' illustrious birth.

Thus let my feet unwearied stray;
 Nor satisfied with one survey,
 When morn returns with doubtful light,
 And Phœbe pales her lamp of night,
 Still let me wander forth anew,
 And print my footsteps on the dew,
 What time the swain with ruddy cheek
 Prepares to yoke his oxen meek,

And

And early drest in neat array
 The milk-maid chanting shrill her lay,
 Comes abroad with milking pail;
 And the sound of distant flail
 Gives the ear a rough good-morrow,
 And the lark from out his furrow
 Soars upright on matin wings,
 And at the gate of heaven sings.

But when the sun with fervid ray
 Drives upwards to his noon of day,
 And couching oxen lay them down
 Beneath the beechen umbrage brown;
 Then let me wander in the hall,
 Round whose antique-visag'd wall
 Hangs the armour Britons wore,
 Rudely cast in days of yore.
 Yon sword some hero's arm might wield,
 Red in the ranks of *Chalgrave's* field,
 Where ever-glorious *Hampden* bled,
 And Freedom tears of sorrow shed.
 Or in the gallery let me walk,
 Where living pictures seem to talk,
 Where Beauty smiles serenely fair,
 And Courage frowns with martial air;
 Though whiskers quaint the face disguise,
 And habits odd to modern eyes.
 Behold what kings in Britain reign'd,
 Plantagenets with blood distain'd,

And

And valiant Tudor's haughty race,
 And Stuart's England's worst disgrace.
 The Norman first, with cruel frown,
 Proud of his new-usurped crown,
 Begins the list; and many more,
 Stern heroes form'd of roughest ore.
 See victor Henry there advance,
 Ev'n in his look he conquers France;
 And murd'rer Richard, justly slain
 By Richmond's steel on Bosworth plain;
 See the tyrant¹ of his wives,
 Prodigal of fairest lives²,
 And laureat Edward nurs'd in arts,
 Minerva school'd his kingly parts.
 But ah! the melancholy Jane³,
 A soul too tender for a queen!
 She sinks beneath imperial sway,
 The dear-bought sceptre of a day!
 And must she mount the scaffold drear?
 Hard-hearted Mary, learn to spare!
 Eliza next salutes the eye;
 Exalt the song to Liberty,
 The Muse repeats the sacred name,
 Eliza fills the voice of fame.
 From thence a baser age began,
 The royal ore polluted ran,

¹ Henry the VIIIth. ² Lady Jane Grey.

³ Till

'Till foreign Naffau's valiant hand
 Chac'd holy tyrants from the land :
 Downward from hence descend apace
 To Brunfwic's high, illuſtrious race ;
 And ſee the canvaſs ſpeaks them brave,
 An injur'd nation born to ſave,
 Active in Freedom's righteous cauſe,
 And conſcious of a juſt applauſe.

But chiefly pleas'd, the curious eye
 With nice diſcernment loves to try
 The labour'd wonders, paſſing thought,
 Which warm Italian pencils wrought ;
 Fables of love, and ſtorics old,
 By Greek or Latin poets told :
 How Jove committed many a rape,
 How young Actæon loſt his ſhape ;
 Or what celeftial pen-men writ,
 Or what the painter's genuine wit
 From Fancy's ſtore-houſe could deviſe ;
 Where Raphael claims the higheſt prize.
Madonas here decline the head,
 With fond maternal pleaſure fed,
 Or liſt their lucid eyes above,
 Where more is ſeen than holy love.
 There temples ſtand diſplay'd within,
 And pillars in long order ſeen,
 And roofs ruſh forward to the fight,
 And lamps affect a living light.

Or

Or landscapes tire the trav'ling eye;
 The clouds in azure volumes fly,
 The distant trees distinguish'd rise,
 And hills look little in the skies.

When day declines, and ev'ning cool
 Begins her gentle, silent rule,
 Again, as Fancy points the way,
 Benignant-leader, let me stray :
 And wilt thou, Genius, bring along
 (So shall my Muse exalt her song)
 The Lord who rules this ample scene;
 His Confort too with gracious mien,
 Her little offspring prattling round,
 While Echo lisps their infant sound.
 And let Good-nature, born to please;
 Wait on our steps, and graceful Ease;
 Nor Mirth be wanting as we walk,
 Nor Wit to season sober talk;
 Let gay Description too attend;
 And Fable told with moral end,
 And Satire quick that comes by stealth,
 And flowing Laughter, friend to Health,
 Meanwhile Attention loves to mark
 The deer that crop the shaven park,
 The steep-brow'd hill, or forest wild,
 The sloping lawns, and zephyrs mild,
 The clouds that blush with ev'ning red,
 Or meads with silver fountains fed,

The

The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
 And black-bird chanting on the spray ;
 The calm farewell of parting light,
 And Ev'ning fading into Night.

Nor wearied yet my roving feet,
 Though Night comes on amain, retreat ;
 But still abroad I walk unseen
 Along the star-enlighten'd green ;
 Superior joys my soul invite,
 Lift, lift to heav'n the dazzled fight.

Lo, where the moon, enthron'd on high,
 Sits steady empress of the sky,
 Enticing nations to revere,
 And proudly vain of pagan fear ;
 Or where through clouds she travels fast,
 And seems on journey bent in haste,
 While thousand hand-maid stars await,
 Attendant on their queen of state.

'Tis now that in her high controul,
 Ambitious of a foreign rule,
 She stirs the Ocean to rebel,
 And factious waters fond to swell
 Guides to battle in her car,
 'Gainst her sister Earth to war.

Thus let me muse on things sublime,
 Above the flight of modern rhyme,
 And call the soul of Newton down,
 Where it sits high on starry throne,

Inventing laws for worlds to come,
Or teaching comets how to roam :
With him I'd learn of every star,
But four-ey'd Pedantry be far,
And Ignorance in garb of Sense,
With terms of art to make pretence.

Hail, happy soil ! illustrious earth !
Which gav'ſt ſo many heroes birth ;
Which never wand'ring poet trod,
But felt within th' inspiring God !
In theſe tranſporting, ſolemn ſhades,
Fiſt I ſalute th' Aonian maids.
Ah lead me, Genius, to thy haunts,
Where Philomel at ev'ning chants,
And as my oaten pipe reſounds,
Give muſic to the forming ſounds.
A ſimple ſhepherd, yet unknown,
Aſpires to ſnatch an ivy crown,
On daring pinions bold to ſoar,
Though here thy Waller ſung before,
And Jonſon dipt his learned pen,
And Sidney pour'd his fancy-flowing ſtain.



TO THE

Hon. WILMOT VAUGHAN¹, in WALES.

By the Same.

YE distant realms, that hold my friend
 Beneath a cold ungenial sky,
 Where lab'ring groves with weight of vapours bend,
 Or raving winds o'er barren mountains fly;
 Restore him quick to London's social clime,
 Restore him quick to friendship, love and joy;
 Be swift, ye lazy steeds of Time,
 Ye moments, all your speed employ.
 Behold November's glooms arise,
 Pale suns with fainter glory shine,
 Dark gath'ring tempests blacken in the skies,
 And shiv'ring woods their sickly leaves resign.
 Is this a time on Cambrian hills to roam,
 To court disease in Winter's baleful reign,
 To listen to th' Atlantic foam,
 While rocks repel the roaring main,

¹ Now Lord Lisburne.

E 2

While

While horror fills the region vast,
 Rheumatic tortures Eurus brings,
 Pregnant with agues flies the northern blast,
 And clouds drop quartans from their flagging wings.
 Dost thou explore Sabrina's fountful source,
 Where huge Plinlimmon's hoary height ascends :
 Then downward mark her vagrant course,
 'Till mix'd with clouds the landscape ends ?
 Dost thou revere the hallow'd soil
 Where Druids old sepulchred lie ;
 Or up cold Snowden's craggy fummits toil,
 And muse on ancient savage liberty ?
 Ill suit such walks with bleak autumnal air,
 Say, can November yield the joys of May ?
 When Jove deforms the blasted year,
 Can Wallia boast a chearful day ?
 The town expects thee.—Hark, around,
 Through every street of gay resort,
 New chariots rattle with awak'ning sound,
 And crowd the levees, and besiege the court.
 The patriot, kindling as his wars ensue,
 Now fires his soul with liberty and fame,
 Marshals his threat'ning tropes anew,
 And gives his hoarded thunders aim.
 Now seats their absent lords deplore,
 Neglected villas empty stand,
 Capacious Gro'venor gathers all its store,
 And mighty London swallows up the land.

See

See sportive Vanity her flights begin,
 See new-blown Folly's plenteous harvest rise,
 See mimic beauties dye their skin,
 And harlots roll their venal eyes.
 Fashions are set, and fops return,
 And young coquettes in arms appear ;
 Dreaming of conquest, how their bosoms burn,
 Trick'd in the new fantasy of the year.
 Fly then away, nor scorn to bear a part
 In this gay scene of folly amply spread :
 Follies well us'd refine the heart,
 And pleasures clear the studious head
 By grateful interchange of mirth
 The toils of study sweeter grow,
 As varying seasons recommend the earth,
 Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.



AN
E P I S T L E
ADDRESSED TO
Sir THOMAS HANMER,
On his EDITION of
SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.
By WILLIAM COLLINS.

S I R,

WHILE born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays :
While nurs'd by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb :

Excuse

^m A statesman of distinguished merit, and a polite writer. He was descended from a very ancient family in North Wales, and was born in

Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
 What secret transports in her bosom swell :
 With conscious awe she bears the critic's fame,
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.
 Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
 Unown'd by Science, and by years obscur'd :
 Fair Fancy wept ; and echoing sighs confess'd
 A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
 Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year ;
 When ling'ring frosts the ruin'd seats invade
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

in 1676. In the year 1712 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and died in May, 1746, soon after the publication of his edition of Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson observes that he was a man eminently qualified for such studies as that which occasioned the present epistle. " He had (as the same author remarks) what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much ; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large ; and he is often learned without shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas than of words ; and his language not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience." Preface to Shakspeare, p. 46.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
 Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
 And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
 Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart :
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the ^a Theban's reign,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
 The Comic sisters kept their native ease.
 With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd !
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
 Some labour'd rival of her Tragic strain ;
 Ilyffus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly foil.
 As Arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose ;
 Goths, Priests, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
 'Till ° Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
 And Cœsuo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade !
 Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
 The soft Provencial pass'd to Arno's stream :

^a The Oedipus of Sophocles.

° Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
 The gay description could not fail to move ;
 For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heav'n, still various in its works, decreed
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
 The beauteous union must appear at length,
 Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength :
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
 And ev'n a Shakspeare to her fame be born !

Yet ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day !
 No second growth the western isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.
 Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
 Nature in him was almost lost in art.
 Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
 The next in order as the next in name.
 With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
 Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind ;
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
 The lover's wishes and the virgin's fear.
 His ^p every Strain the Smiles and Graces own ;
 But stronger Shakspeare felt for Man alone :
 Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
 Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

P Their characters are thus distinguished by Dryden.

With

¶ With gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
 Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :
 By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.
 'Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's spirit fir'd,
 Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and He inspir'd:
 And classic judgement gain'd to sweet Racine
 The temp'rate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
 And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
 Yet he alone to every scene could give
 Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
 Wak'd at his call I view,* with glad surprize,
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
 And laurel'd conquest waits her hero's arms.
 Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring |
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king :

¶ About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The

The time * shall come, when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
 When dreary visions shall at last present
 Thy vengeful image in thy midnight tent,
 Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
 Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charin'd, we find
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
 Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
 With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
 Dress'd by her hand the Woods and Vallies smile,
 And Spring diffusive decks th' *enchanted isle*.

O more than all in pow'rful genius blest,
 Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
 Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
 Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
 There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
 There native music dwells in all the lays.
 O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
 Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
 What wond'rous draughts might rise from every page !
 What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

* Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta, &c.

Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
 Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
 Chaste and subdu'd the modest lights decay,
 Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
 —And see, where ' Antony in tears approv'd,
 Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :
 O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend :
 Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !
 Still as they press, he calls on all around,
 Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But " who is he, whose brows exalted bear
 A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air ?
 Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
 On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
 Yet shall not War's insatiate fury fall
 (So heav'n ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
 See the fond mother 'midst the plaintive train
 Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !
 Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
 The son's affection, in the Roman's pride ;
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while *Pity* melts the eyes.

Thus, gen'rous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
 The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires ;

[†] See the Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

[″] Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyffey.

Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
 Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string;
 Those Sybil-leaves, the sport of every wind,
 (For poets ever were a careless kind)
 By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
 But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
 Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
 Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
 By winds and water cast on every shore :
 When rais'd by Fate, some former HANMER join'd
 Each beauteous image of the boundless mind :
 And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
 A fond alliance with the Poet's name.



A S O N G

F R O M

SHAKSPEARE'S CYMBELINE.

Sung by GUIDERUS and AVIRAGUS over
FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

By the Same.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here.
And melting virgins own their love.

III. No

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

IV.

The rest-breadt oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid :
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
 Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall the restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed :
 Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more,
 And mourn'd. till Pity's self be dead.



E L E G Y

To Miss DASHWOOD.

In the Manner of OVID.

BY MR. HAMMOND^a.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast,
Where now's my boasted liberty and rest!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O where that heart I fondly thought my own!

From

^a This gentleman, says Dr. Johnson, was the second son of Anthony Hammond, a man of note among the wits, poets, and parliamentary orators in the beginning of this century, who was allied to Sir Robert Walpole by marrying his sister. He was born about 1710, and educated at Westminster-school; but it does not appear that he was of any university. He was equerry to the Prince of Wales, and seems to have come very early into public notice, and to have been distinguished by those whose patronage and friendship prejudiced mankind at that time in favour of those on whom they were bestowed; for he was the companion

From place to place I solitary roam,
 Abroad uneasy, not content at home.
 I scorn the beauties common eyes adore,
 The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
 Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
 And only think on thee—who art not there.
 In vain would books their formal succour lend,
 Nor wit, nor wisdom, can relieve their friend;
 Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
 And wisdom shews the ill without the cure.
 When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My Heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
 'Till now not tedious of the art to please,
 Could I, at woman, who so oft exclaim,
 Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,

companion of Cobham, Lyttelton, and Chesterfield. He is said to have divided his life between pleasure and books, in his retirement forgetting the town, and in his gaiety losing the student. Of his literary hours, *The Love Elegies* and the present Poem are the most material. In 1741 he was chosen into Parliament for Truro in Cornwall; being probably one of those who were elected by the Prince's influence; and died next year in June, at Stowe, the famous seat of the Lord Cobham. His mistress, the lady to whom this Elegy is addressed, long out-lived him, and in 1779 died unmarried. The character which her lover bequeathed her was indeed not likely to attract courtship.

Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
 And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
 Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
 And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind ;
 Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
 In vain to tell thee all I write in vain ;
 My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
 And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)
 Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend ;
 Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare
 (For without danger none like thee are fair ;)
 But wisely chuse who best deserves thy flame,
 So shall the choice itself become thy fame :
 Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
 The plain and honest courtship of the heart ;
 The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
 Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,
 And meanly learned in that guilty trade
 Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
 And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
 Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe,
 And since their tears in false submission drest
 Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast,
 O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe ;
 Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
 Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
 Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

ANSWER



ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

BY LORD HERVEY.

TOO well these lines that fatal truth declare,
 Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
 But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
 What can it hope, though mutual it should prove?
 This little form is fair in vain for you,
 In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
 For would'st thou fix dishonour on my name,
 And give me up to penitence and shame?
 Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
 And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
 Could'st thou submit to wear the marriage chain,
 (Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
 No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
 His torch inverted, and his face in tears.
 Though every softer wish were amply crown'd,
 Love soon would cease to smile where Fortune frown'd:
 Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
 And blame what it solicited before;
 Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
 And say I had undone thy blinded youth;

F 2

That

That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
 Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame;
 To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
 That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
 Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
 Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
 You only mourn'd, and silently repin'd;
 The jealous dæmons in my own fond breast
 Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
 And all that sense must feel, though pity had suppress. }
 Yet added grief my apprehension fills
 (If there can be addition to those ills)

When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 "'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head!"

Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth;
 Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
 And says those virgins act a wiser part,
 Who hospitals and bedlams would explore
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
 Who legal prostitutes, for int'rest sake,
 Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
 And, if avenging heav'n permit increase,
 People the world with folly and disease.

Those titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed,

And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
 This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
 This poor degenerate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
 From her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
 If I embark upon this summer sea,
 Where Flatt'ry smooths, and Pleasure gilds the way.
 Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive,
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive,
 That commerce now in vain you recommend,
 I dread the latent lover in the friend;
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
 And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
 Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
 Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
 Neither to int'rest, nor to honour true,
 And, proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
 Exult in love from lovers they despise;
 Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
 And though I like the lover, quit the love.



EPISTLES IN THE MANNER OF OVID,

MONIMIA to PHILOCLES^a.

BY THE SAME.

SINCE language never can describe my pain,
 How can I hope to move when I complain?
 But such is woman's frenzy in distress,
 We love to plead, though hopeless of redress.
 Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
 From whence these lines? whose message to convey?
 Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
 Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
 But if you force me to avow my shame,
 Behold it prefac'd with Monimia's name.

Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
 Expos'd to infamy, reproach and scorn,
 To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
 Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
 How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
 Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!

^a This Epistle, which Mr. Walpole says is the best of Lord Hervey's Poems, was designed for Miss Sophia Howe, Maid of Honour, to the Honourable Antony Lowther.

Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
 By friends, by kindred, by my lover, left!
 Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
 On lovers oaths, or friendship's sacred rules,
 How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
 Monimia's fall'n, and Philocles unkind!
 To these reflections, each slow wearing day,
 And each revolving night a constant prey,
 Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
 What madness dictates in my fond despair;
 Grudge not this short relief, (too fast it flies)
 Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
 One moment sure may be at least her due,
 Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
 Without a frown this farewell then receive,
 For 'tis the last my hapless love shall give;
 Nor this I would, if reason could command:
 But what restriction reins a lover's hand?
 Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor int'rest sways,
 The hand implicitly the heart obeys:
 Too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
 Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
 Condemn'd this after-witness of my shame;
 Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
 Thy beauties, and my fondness half forgot.
 (How short those intervals for reason's aid!)
 Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

Thy vain remonſtrance, fooliſh maid, give o'er,
 Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
 Then ſanguine hopes again deluſive reign,
 I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain,
 If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
 Nor tigers nurs'd thee in the deſart ſhade,
 Let me at leaſt thy cold compaſſion prove,
 That ſlender ſuſtenance of greedy love;
 Though no return my warmer wiſhes find,
 Be to the wretch, though not the miſtreſs, kind;
 Nor whiſt I court my melancholy ſtate,
 Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
 Without reſtraint habituate to range
 The paths of pleaſure, can I bear this change?
 Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
 In bloom of life, and warm with young deſire,
 In lieu of roofs with regal ſplendor gay,
 Condemn'd in diſtant wilds to drag the day;
 Where beaſts of prey maintain their ſavage court,
 Or human brutes (the worſt of brutes) reſort.
 Yes, yes, the change I could unſighing ſee,
 For none I mourn, but what I find in thee,
 There center all my woes, thy heart eſtrang'd,
 I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd;
 Bleſs'd with thy preſence, I could all forget,
 Nor gilded palaces in huts regret,
 But exil'd thence, ſuperfluous is the reſt,
 Each place the ſame, my hell is in my breaſt;

To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
My only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat?
Canst thou know peace? is conscience mute within?
That upright delegate for secret sin:
Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
That not one spark remains to take my part?
Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh?
Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
Thou nor remorse, nor thought humane canst feel:
Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debas'd thy mind,
Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
When Justice sleeps, and Int'rest holds the scale;
Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
Most to each other, all to us untrue,
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Nor leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice,
Who indigent of honour, or of shame,
Glory in crimes which others blush to name;
By right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,
Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
If not their falsehood, still their boasts expose;

Nor

Nor knows the wisest to elude the harm,
 Ev'n she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm,
 They know to slander, though they fail to warm:
 They make her languish in fictitious flame,
 Affix some specious slander on her name,
 And, baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
 These vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
 Whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
 Or Friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain;
 Morality as weakness they upbraid,
 Nor ev'n revere Religion's hallow'd head;
 Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
 And treat the honest like the christian cause.
 Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
 Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
 That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
 When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's power,
 And would the goodness of the soul efface,
 To substitute dishonour in her place.

With such you lose the day in false delights,
 In lewd debauch you revel out the nights,
 (O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace!)
 Their arguments convince because they please;
 While sophistry for reason they admit,
 And wander dazzled by the glare of wit,

Wit

Wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
 And in false colours every object shows,
 That gilds the wrong, depreciating the right,
 And hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight;
 So in a prism to the deluded eye
 Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye,
 With borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
 And truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows,
 Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
 The lawns impending o'er the nether sky;
 No just, no real images we meet,
 But all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
 Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind;
 But oh! how dear their memory I pay!
 What pleasures past can present cares allay?
 Of all I love for ever dispossest'd:
 Ah! what avails to think I once was blest'd?
 Hard disposition of unequal fate!
 Mix'd are our joys, and transient are their date;
 Nor can reflection bring them back again,
 Yet brings an after-sting to every pain.

Thy fatal, letters, oh immoral youth,
 Those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
 Dear as they were no second joy afford,
 My cred'ulous heart once leap'd at every word,
 My glowing bosom throb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
 And floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes:

When

When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
 Each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain)
 Far other passions rule, and diff'rent care,
 My joys and grief, my transport and despair.
 Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love?
 But half its joys the faithless ever prove,
 They only taste the pleasures they receive,
 When sure the noblest is in those we give.
 Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know ;
 But 'tis the bliss of angels to bestow.
 Oh! emulate, my love, that task divine,
 Be thou that angel, and that heav'n be mine.
 Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate :
 Alas ! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
 As soon the dead shall from the grave return,
 As love extinguish'd with new ardor burn.
 Oh! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
 And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
 Where riveted for life secure you reign,
 A cruel inmate, author of my pain :
 But coward-like irresolute I wait
 Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate ;
 Perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
 Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age :
 No—grief shall swell my sails, and speed me o'er
 (Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore
 Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.

}

Might

Might I but once again behold thy charms,
 Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
 On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
 Permitted where I might not live to die,
 My soften'd fate I would accuse no more ;
 But fate has no such happiness in store.
 'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
 When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind?
 Why then this care ?—'tis weak—'tis vain—farewell—
 At that last word what agonies I feel !
 I faint—I die—remember I was true—
 'Tis all I ask—eternally—adieu ! —

FLORA



FLORA to POMPEY.

BY THE SAME.

Pompey, when he was very young, fell in love with Flora, a Roman courtesan, who was so very beautiful that the Romans had her painted to adorn the temple of Castor and Pollux. Geminius (Pompey's friend) afterwards fell in love with her too; but she, prepossessed with a passion for Pompey, would not listen to Geminius. Pompey, in compassion to his friend, yielded him his mistress, which Flora took so much to heart, that she fell dangerously ill upon it; and in that sickness is supposed to write the following letter to Pompey.

ERE death these closing eyes for ever shade
 (That death thy cruelties have welcome made),
 Receive, thou yet lov'd man! this one adieu,
 This last farewell to happiness and you.
 My eyes o'erflow with tears, my trembling hand
 Can scarce the letters form, or pen command;
 The dancing paper swims before my sight,
 And scarce myself can read the words I write.

Think you behold me in this lost estate,
 And think yourself the author of my fate:
 How vast the change! your Flora's now become
 The gen'ral pity, not the boast of Rome.
 This form, a pattern to the sculptor's art,
 This face, the idol once of Pompey's heart,

(Whose

(Whose pictur'd beauties Rome thought fit to place
 The sacred temples of her gods to grace)
 Are charming now no more; the bloom is fled,
 The lilies languid, and the roses dead.
 Soon shall some hand the glorious work deface,
 Where Grecian pencils tell what Flora was:
 No longer my resemblance they impart,
 They lost their likeness, when I lost thy heart.

Oh! that those hours could take their turn again,
 When Pompey, lab'ring with a jealous pain,
 His Flora thus bespoke: " Say, my dear love!
 " Shall all these rivals unsuccessful prove?
 " In vain, for ever, shall the Roman youth
 " Envy my happiness, and tempt thy truth?
 " Shall neither tears nor prayers thy pity move?
 " Ah! give not pity, 'tis a-kin to love.
 " Would Flora were not fair in such excess,
 " That I might fear, though not adore her less."

Fool that I was, I sought to ease that grief,
 Nor knew indiff'rence follow'd the relief:
 Experience taught the cruel truth too late,
 I never dreaded, 'till I found my fate.
 'Twas mine to ask if Pompey's self could hear,
 Unmov'd, his rival's unsuccessful pray'r;
 To make thee swear he'd not thy pity move;
 Alas! such pity is no kin to love.

'Twas thou thyself, (ungrateful as thou art)
 Bade me unbend the rigour of my heart:

You

You chid my faith, reproach'd my being true,
(Unnat'ral thought!) and labour'd to subdue
The constancy my soul maintain'd for you ;
To other arms your mistress you condemn'd,
Too cool a lover, and too warm a friend.

}

How could'st thou thus my lavish heart abuse,
To ask the only thing it could refuse ?
Nor yet upbraid me, Pompey, what I say,
For 'tis my merit that I can't obey ;
Yet this allerdg'd against me as a fault,
Thy rage fomented, and my ruin wrought.
Just gods ! what tie, what conduct can prevail
O'er fickle man, when truth like mine can fail ?

Urge not, to gloss thy crime, the name of friend,
We know how far those sacred laws extend ;
Since other heroes have not blush'd to prove
How weak all passions when oppos'd to love :
Nor boast the virtuous conflict of thy heart,
When gen'rous pity took Geminus' part ;
'Tis all heroic fraud, and Roman art.

}

Such flights of honour might amuse the crowd,
But by a mistress ne'er can be allow'd ;
Keep for the senate, and the grave debate,
That infamous hypocrisy of state,
There words are virtue, and your trade deceit.

}

No riddle is thy change, nor hard t' explain,
Flora was fond, and Pompey was a man :

No

No longer then a specious tale pretend,
 Nor plead fictitious merit to your friend:
 By nature false, you follow'd her decree,
 Nor gen'rous are to him, but false to me.

You say you melted at Geminus' tears,
 You say you felt his agonizing cares:
 Gross artifice! that this from him could move,
 And not from Flora, whom you say you love:
 You could not bear to hear your rival sigh,
 Yet bear unmov'd to see your mistress die.
 Inhuman hypocrite! not thus can he
 My wrongs, and my distress, obdurate, see,

He, who receiv'd, condemns the gift you made,
 And joins with me the giver to upbraid,
 Forgetting he's oblig'd, and mourning I'm betray'd. }
 He loves too well that cruel gift to use,
 Which Pompey lov'd too little to refuse:
 Fain would he call my vagrant lord again,
 But I the kind ambaffador restrain;
 I scorn to let another take my part,
 And to myself will owe or lose thy heart.

Can nothing e'er rekindle love in thee?
 Can nothing e'er extinguish it in me?
 That I could tear thee from this injur'd breast!
 And where you gave my person, give the rest, }
 At once to grant and punish thy request.
 That I could place thy worthy rival there!
 No second insult need my fondness fear:

He views not Flora with her Pompey's eyes,
He loves like me, he doats, despairs, and dies.

Come to my arms, thou dear deserving youth !
Thou prodigy of man ! thou man with truth !
For him, I will redouble every care,
To please, for him, these faded charms repair ;
To crown his vows, and sharpen thy despair.

Oh ! 'tis illusion all ! and idle rage !
No second passion can this heart engage ;
And shortly, Pompey, shall thy Flora prove,
Death may dissolve, but nothing change her love.



ARISBE to MARIUS Junior.

From FONTENELLE. By the Same.

When Marius was expell'd from Rome by Sylla's faction, and retired into Africa, his son (who accompanied him) fell into the hands of Hiempsal king of Numidia, who kept him prisoner. One of the mistresses of that king fell in love with Marius junior, and was so generous to contrive and give him his liberty, though by that means she sacrificed her love for ever. 'Twas after he had rejoind his father, that she writ him the following letter.

I.

OF all I valued, all I lov'd, bereft,
Say, has my heart this little comfort left?
That you the mem'ry of its truth retain,
And think with grateful pity on my pain?

II.

Though but with life my sorrows can have end,
(For death alone can join me to my friend)
Yet think not I repent I set you free,
I mourn your absence, not your liberty.

III.

Before my Marius left Numidia's coast,
Each day I saw him; scarce an hour was lost:
Now months and years must pass, nay life shall prove
But one long absence from the man I love.

IV.

Painful reflection! poison to my mind!
Was it but mortal too, it would be kind:
But, mad with grief, I search the palace round,
And in that madness dream you're to be found.

V.

Would'st thou believe it? to those walls I fly
Where thou wert captive held; there frantic cry,
These fetters sure my vagrant's flight restrain'd;
Alas! these fetters I myself unchain'd.

VI.

The live-long day I mourn, I loath the light,
And wait impatient each returning night:
What though the horrid gloom augment my grief,
'Tis grateful still, for I disclaim relief.

VII.

That coz'ner Hope intrudes not on my woe;
One only interval my sorrows know;
When dreams, the kind reversers of my pain,
Bring back my charming fugitive again.

VIII.

Yet there's a grief surpassing all the rest;
A jealous dæmon whispers in my breast,
Marius was false, for liberty alone
The show of love the hypocrite put on.

IX. Then

IX.

'Then I reflect (ah! would I could forget!)
How much your thoughts on war and Rome were set,
How little passion did that conduct prove!
Too strong thy reason, but too weak thy love.

X.

Thy sword, 'tis true, a father's cause demands;
But 'twas a mistress gave it to thy hands:
To love and duty just, give each their part,
His be the arm, and mine be all thy heart.

XI.

But what avail these thoughts? fond wretch, give o'er!
Marius, or false or true, is thine no more:
Since Fate has cast the lot, and we must part,
Why should I wish to think I had his heart?

XII.

Yes: let me cherish that remembrance still;
That thought alone shall soften every ill;
To tell my soul, his love, his truth was such,
All was his due, nor have I done too much.

XIII.

Deceitful comfort! let me not persuade
My cred'ulous heart its fondness was repaid;
It makes my soul with double anguish mourn
Those joys, which never, never must return.

XIV.

Perhaps ev'n you what most I wish oppose,
And in the Roman all the lover lose :
I'm a Numidian, and your soul disdains
To bear th' inglorious weight of foreign chains,

XV.

Can any climate then so barb'rous prove,
To stand excluded from the laws of Love ?
His empire's universal, unconfin'd,
His proxy beauty, and his slaves mankind.

XVI.

Nor am I a Numidian but by name,
For I can int'rest for my love disclaim:
My virtue shews what 'twas the gods design'd,
By chance on Afric's clay they stamp'd a Roman mind,

XVII.

Not all the heroes which your Rome can boast,
So much for fame, as I for you have lost :
Yourself I lost: oh ! grateful, then confess,
My trial greater, though my glory less.

XVIII.

Yes, partial gods ! inflictors of my care !
Be witness what I felt, what grief, what fear !
When full of stifled woes the night he fled,
No sigh I dar'd to breathe, no tear to shed.

XIX. Whilst

XIX.

Whilst men of faith approv'd, a chosen crew,
Firm to their trust, and to their mistress true,
With care too punctual my commands obey,
And in one freight my life and thee convey.

XX.

The harder task was mine ; condemn'd to bear,
With brow serene, my agonizing care ;
To mix an idle talk, to force a smile,
A king and jealous lover to beguile.

XXI.

Think in that dreadful interval of fate,
All I held dear, thy safety in debate,
Think what I suffer'd, whilst my heart afraid
Suggests a thousand times, that all's betray'd.

XXII.

A thousand times revolving in my mind
The doubtful chance ; oh ! Love ! said I, be kind :
Propitious to my scheme, thy vot'ry aid,
And be my fondness by success repaid.

XXIII.

Now bolder grown, with sanguine hopes elate,
My fancy represents thy smiling fate ;
The guards deceiv'd, and every danger o'er,
The winds already waft him from the shore.

XXIV.

These pleasing images anew impart
Life to my eyes, and gladness to my heart;
Dispel the gloomy fears that cloud my face,
And charm the little flutterer to peace.

XXV.

But now the king, or tasteless to my charms,
Or weary of an absent mistress' arms,
His own apartment seeks, and grateful rest;
That courted stranger to the careful breast,

XXVI.

Whilst I, by hopes and fears alternate sway'd,
Impatient ask the slaves if I'm obey'd.
'Tis done, they cry'd, and struck me with despair;
For what I long'd to know, I dy'd to hear.

XXVII.

Fantastic turn of a distracted mind;
I blam'd the gods for having been too kind;
Curs'd the success they granted to my vows,
And this assistant hand that fill'd my woes.

XXVIII.

Such was my frenzy in that hour of care,
And such th' injustice of my bold despair;
That even those, ungrateful, I upbraid,
Whose fatal diligence my will obey'd.

XXIX. Scarce,

XXIX.

Scarce, Marius, did thyself escape my rage ;
(Most lov'd of men !) when fears of black presage
Describe thy hand so fond of liberty,
It never gave one parting throb for me.

XXX.

At every step you should have turn'd your eye,
Dropt a regretful tear, and heav'd a sigh ;
The nature of the grace I shew'd was such,
You not deserv'd it, if it pleas'd too much.

XXXI.

A lover would have linger'd as he fled,
And oft in anguish to himself have said,
Farewell for ever ! Ah ! yet more he'd done,
A lover never would have fled alone.

XXXII.

To force me from a hated rival's bed,
Why comes not Marius at an army's head ?
Oh ! did thy heart but wish to see that day,
'Twould all my past, and future woes o'erpay.

XXXIII.

But vain are all these hopes : preserve thy breast
From falsehood only, I forgive the rest :
Too happy, if no envy'd rival boast
Those joys Arisbe to her Marius lost.



ROXANA to USBECK.

From LES LETTRES PERSANNES.

By the Same.

Roxana, one of Usbeck's wives, was found (whilst he was in Europe) in bed with her lover, whom she had privately let into the seraglio. The guardian eunuch, who discovered them, had the man murdered on the spot, and her close guarded 'till he received instructions from his master how to dispose of her. During that interval she swallowed poison, and is supposed to write the following letter whilst she is dying.

THINK not I write my innocence to prove,
 To sue for pity, or awake thy love ;
 No mean defence expect, or abject prayers ;
 Thou know'st no mercy, and I know no tears :
 I laugh at all thy vengeance has decreed,
 Avow the fact, and glory in the deed.

Yes, tyrant ! I deceiv'd thy spies and thee :
 Pleas'd in oppression, and in bondage free :
 The rigid agents of thy cruel laws
 By gold I won to aid my juster cause :
 With dextrous skill eluded all thy care,
 And acted more than jealousy could fear :
 To wanton bow'rs this prison-house I turn'd,
 And blest'd that absence which you thought I mourn'd.

But

But short those joys allow'd by niggard Fate,
 Yet so refin'd, so exquisitely great,
 That their excess compensated their date.

}

I die : already in each burning vein
 I feel the pois'nous draught, and bless the pain :
 For what is life unless its joys we prove ?
 And where is joy, depriv'd of what we love ?

Yet, ere I die, this justice I have paid
 To my dear murder'd lover's injur'd shade :
 Those sacrilegious instruments of power,
 Who wrought that ruin these sad eyes deplore,
 Already with their blood their crimes atone,
 And for his life have sacrific'd their own.

These, though restraint and absence may defend
 From my revenge, my curses still attend :
 Despair, like mine, barbarian ! be thy part,
 Remorse afflict, and sorrow sting thy heart.

Nor think this hate commencing in my breast,
 Though prudence long its latent force suppress'd ;
 I knew those wrongs that I was forc'd to bear,
 And curs'd those chains injustice made me wear.

For could'st thou hope Roxana to deceive
 With idle tales, which only fools believe ?
 Poor abject souls in superstition bred,
 In ign'rance train'd, by prejudice misled ;
 Whom hireling dervises by proxy teach
 From those whose false prerogative they preach.

Didst

Didst thou imagine me so weak of mind,
 Because I murmur'd not, I ne'er repin'd,
 But hugg'd my chain, and thought my jaylor kind ?
 That willingly those laws I e'er obey'd,
 Which Pride invented, and Oppression made ?
 And whilst self-licens'd through the world you rove,
 To quicken appetite by change in love ;
 Each passion sated, and each wish possess'd
 That Lust can urge, or Fancy can suggest :
 That I should mourn thy loss with fond regret,
 Weep the misfortune, and the wrong forget ?

Could I believe that heav'n this beauty gave,
 (Thy transient pleasure, and thy lasting slave ;)
 Indu'd with reason, only to fulfil

The harsh commands of thy capricious will ?
 No, Usbeck, no, my soul disdain'd those laws ;
 And, though I wanted pow'r t' assert my cause,
 My right I knew ; and still those pleasures sought,
 Which Justice warranted, and Nature taught :
 On Custom's senseless precepts I refin'd,
 I weigh'd what heav'n, I knew what man design'd,
 And form'd by her own rules my free-born mind.

Thus whilst this wretched body own'd thy power,
 Doom'd, unredress'd, its hardships to deplore ;
 My soul subservient to herself alone,
 And Reason independent on her throne,
 Contemn'd thy dictates, and obey'd their own.

Yet

Yet thus far to my conduct thanks are due,
 At least I condescended to seem true ;
 Endeavour'd still my sentiments to hide,
 Indulg'd thy vanity, and sooth'd thy pride.
 Though this submission to a tyrant paid,
 Whom not my duty, but my fears obey'd,
 If rightly weigh'd, would more deserve the blame,
 Who call it Virtue, but prophane her name ;
 For to the world, I should have own'd that love,
 Which all impartial judges must approve :
 You urg'd a right to tyrannize my heart,
 Which he, solliciting, assail'd by art,
 Whilst I, impatient of the name of slave,
 To force refus'd, what I to merit gave.

Oft, as thy slaves this wretched body led
 To the detested pleasures of thy bed ;
 In those soft moments, consecrate to joy,
 Which ecstacy and transport should employ ;
 Clasp'd in your arms, you wonder'd still to find
 So cold my kisses, so compos'd my mind :
 But had thy cheated eyes discern'd aright,
 You'd found aversion, where you sought delight.

Not that my soul, incapable of love,
 No charms could warm, no tenderness could move ;
 For him, whose love my every thought possess'd,
 A fiercer passion fill'd this constant breast,
 Than truth e'er felt, or falsehood e'er possess'd.

}
 This

This style unusual to thy pride appears,
 For truth's a stranger to the tyrant's ears.
 But what have I to manage, or to dread ?
 Nor threats alarm, nor insults hurt the dead :
 No wrongs they feel, no miseries they find,
 Cares are the legacies we leave behind :
 In the calm grave no Usbecks we deplore,
 No tyrant husband, no oppressive power.
 Alas ! I faint—Death intercepts the rest :
 The venom'd drug is busy in my breast :
 Each nerve's unstrung : a mist obscures the day :
 My senses, strength, and ev'n my hate decay ;
 Though rage awhile the ebbing spirits stay'd,
 'Tis past—they sink beneath the transient aid.
 Take then, inhuman wretch ! my last farewell ;
 Pain be thy portion here ! hereafter, hell !
 And when our prophet shall my fate decree,
 Be any curse my punishment, but thee !

EPILOGUE design'd for SOPHONISBA^a,

And to have been spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

By the Same.

BEFORE you sign poor Sophonisba's doom,
 In her behalf petitioner I come ;
 Not but our author knows, whate'er I say,
 That I could find objections to his play.
 This double marriage for her country's good,
 I told him never would be understood,
 And that ye all would say, 'twas flesh and blood.
 Had Carthage only been in madam's head,
 Her champion never had been in her—bed :
 For could the idiot think a husband's name
 Would make him quit his int'rest, friends, and fame ;
 That he would risque a kingdom for a wife,
 And act dependant in a place for life ?
 Yet what stern Cato shall condemn the fair,
 Whilst public good she thunder'd in your ear,
 If private interest had a *little* share ?
 You know she acted not against the laws,
 Of those old-fashion'd times ; that in her cause

^a A Tragedy, by James Thomson, first acted at Drury-lane, 1727.

Old Syphax could no longer make a stand,
 And Massinissa woo'd her sword in hand.
 But did she take the way to whet that sword?
 Heroes fight coldly when wives give the word.
 She should have kept him keen, employ'd her charms
 Not as a bribe, but to reward his arms;
 Have told him when Rome yielded, she would yield,
 And sent him fresh, not yawning, to the field.
 She talk'd it well to rouse him to the fight,
 But, like Penelope, when out of sight,
 All she had done by day, undid by night.
 Is this your wily Carthaginian kind?
 No English woman had been half so kind.
 What from a husband's hand could she expect
 But ratbane, or that common fate, neglect?
 Perhaps some languishing soft fair may say,
 Poison's so shocking—but consider pray,
 She fear'd the Roman, he the marriage chain:
 All other means to free them both were vain.
 Let none then Massinissa's conduct blame,
 He first his love consulted, then his fame.
 And if the fair-one, with too little art,
 Whilst seemingly she play'd a patriot-part,
 Was secretly the dupe of her own heart;
 Forgive a fault she strove so well to hide,
 Nor be compassion to her fate deny'd,
 Who liv'd unhappily, and greatly dy'd.

An



An Imitation of the Eleventh Ode of the First
Book of HORACE.

TO STEPHEN FOX, Esq;
afterwards Earl of ILCHESTER.

BY THE SAME.

FORBEAR, my dear Ste, with a fruitless desire,
Into truths which are better conceal'd to enquire;
Perhaps many years are allow'd us by Fate,
Or next winter perhaps is the last of their date:
Let the credulous fools whom astrologers cheat,
Exult or despond, as they vary deceit;
Who anticipate care, their own pleasure destroy,
And invite disappointment who build upon joy;
All ills unforeseen we the easiest endure,
What avails to foresee, unless foresight could cure?
And from ills by their art how can wretches be freed,
When that art must be false, or those ills be decreed?
From reflection and hope little comfort we find,
To possession alone let thy thoughts be confin'd;
To-day's all the treasure poor mortals can boast,
For to-morrow's not gain'd, and yesterday's lost;
Even now whilst I write, time steals on our youth,
And a moment's cut off from thy friendship and truth.
Then seize the swift blessing, enjoy the dear now,
And take, not expect, what hereafter'll bestow.

VOL. IV.

H

A LOVE



A LOVE LETTER.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT shall I say to fix thy wav'ring mind,
 To chase thy doubts, and force thee to be kind ?
 What weight of argument can turn the scale,
 If intercession from a lover fail ?
 By what shall I conjure thee to obey
 This tender summons, nor prolong thy stay ?
 If unabated in this constant breast
 That passion burns which once thy vows profess'd ;
 If absence has not chill'd the languid flame,
 Its ardour and its purity the same ;
 Indulge those transports, and no more controul
 The dictates of thy fond consenting soul ;
 By no vain scruple be thy purpose sway'd,
 And only Love implicitly obey'd :
 Let inclination this debate decide,
 Nor be thy prudence, but thy heart thy guide ;
 But real prudence never can oppose
 What Love suggests, and Gratitude avows ;
 The warm dear raptures which thy bosom move,
 'Tis virtue to indulge, 'tis wisdom to improve :
 For think how few the joys allow'd by Fate,
 How mix'd the cup, how short their longest date !

How

How onward still the stream of pleasure flows !
 That no reflux the rapid current knows !
 Not ev'n thy charms can bribe the ruthless hand
 Of rigid Time, to stay his ebbing sand ;
 Fair as thou art, that beauty must decay ;
 The night of age succeeds the brightest day : ,
 That cheek where Nature's sweetest garden blows,
 Her whitest lily, and her warmest rose ;
 Those eyes, those meaning ministers of Love,
 Who, what thy lips can only utter, prove ;
 These must resign their lustre, those their bloom,
 And find with meaner charms one common doom :
 Pass but a few short years, this change must be ;
 Nor one less dreadful shalt thou mourn in me :
 For though no chance can alienate my flame,
 While thine to feed the lamp, shall burn the same,
 Yet shall the stream of years abate that fire,
 And cold esteem succeed to warm desire :
 Then on thy breast unraptur'd shall I dwell,
 Nor feel a joy beyond what I can tell.
 Or say, should sickness antedate that woe,
 And intercept what Time would else allow ;
 If pain should pall my taste to all thy charms,
 Or Death himself should tear me from thy arms ;
 How would'st thou then regret with fruitless truth,
 The precious squander'd hours of health and youth ?
 Come then, my love, nor trust the future day,
 Live whilst we can, be happy whilst we may :

For what is life unless its joys we prove ?
 And what is happiness but mutual love ?
 Our time is wealth no frugal hand can store,
 All our possession is the present hour,
 And he who spares to use it, ever poor.
 The golden *now* is all that we can boast ;
 And that (like snow) at once is grasp'd and lost.
 Haste, wing thy passage then, no more delay,
 But to these eyes their sole delight convey.
 Not thus I languish'd for thy virgin charms,
 When first surrender'd to these eager arms,
 When, first admitted to that heav'n, thy breast,
 To mine I strain'd that charming foe to rest ;
 How leaps my conscious heart, whilst I retrace
 The dear idea of that strict embrace,
 When on thy bosom quite entranc'd I lay,
 And lov'd unsated the short night away ;
 Whilst half reluctant you, and half resign'd,
 Amidst fears, wishes, pain and pleasure join'd,
 Now holding off, now growing on my breast,
 By turns reprov'd me, and by turns caress'd ?
 Oh ! how remembrance throbs in every vein !
 I pant, I sicken for that scene again ;
 My senses ach, I can no word command,
 And the pen totters in my trembling hand.
 Farewell, thou only joy on earth I know,
 And all that man can taste of heav'n below.

VERSES



VERSES to Dr. GEORGE ROGERS^a, on his
taking the Degree of Doctor in Physic at
PADUA, in the Year 1664.

BY MR. WALLER.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove;
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd.
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace and love the Muses best,

^a Dr. George Rogers was the son of a physician in the city of London. He received his education at Lincoln college, Oxford, took his degrees in Arts, and studied medicine in that university. He afterwards travelled into Italy, and at Padua had the degree of Doctor of Physick conferred upon him. In 1648 he was incorporated at Oxford. He then settled in London, became a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and President thereof, in 1689. This little poem was, among several others, on the same occasion, printed by Dr. Rogers, with his inaugural exercise at Padua; and afterwards in the same manner re-published by him at London, together with his Harveian oration before the college of physicians, in the year 1682; while Mr. Waller was yet living.

Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
 Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
 There first Apollo tried the various use
 Of herbs, and learn'd the virtue of their juice,
 And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
 A juster title than our noble friend,
 Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
 And like employment entertains abroad?
 This crowns him here; and, in the bays so earn'd,
 His country's honour is no less concern'd;
 Since it appears, not all the English rave,
 To ruin bent: some study how to save.
 And as Hippocrates did once extend
 His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
 So we, brave friend, suppose that thy great skill,
 Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
 At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
 Their spirits calm; and peace again shall smile.

EDM. WALLER, *Anglus.*

Patavii, typis Pauli Frambotti.

VIRGIL's



VIRGIL's Tomb^b. NAPLES, 1741.

BY MR. TRAPP^c.

—— *Tenuis ignavo pollice chordas*

Pulso; Maroneique sedens in margine templi.

Sumo animum, & magni tumulis ad canto magistri. STAT.

I Came, great bard, to gaze upon thy shrine,
And o'er thy relics wait th' inspiring Nine:
For sure, I said, where Maro's ashes sleep,
The weeping Muses must their vigils keep:

Still

^b At about eight miles distance from Naples, near the hill Paufilypo. A modern traveller describes it thus: "The tomb of Virgil is at the brink of a precipice, which has been made by enlarging the entrance into the famous grotto which bears the name of the hill. The area is almost a square, of about five yards; there are some niches in the walls within, but nothing now in them. At the top of it, on the outside, are some bays; and the people there take care to tell you they grow spontaneous, and that they are green all the year. There is a wretched distich inscribed on a wall just over against the place where we enter, enough to fright away Virgil's ashes, if ever they were there." *Wright's Travels*, vol. I. p. 175. Mr. Addison was of opinion, that the poet was buried at Naples, and that his tomb stood on the other side of the town, which looks towards Vesuvio.

^c Joseph Trapp, son of the Rev. Dr. Trapp. He was of New College Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. 14 January, 1742. At

Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
 And with poetic trophies grace his urn :
 Have placed the shield and martial trumpet here ;
 The shepherd's pipe, and rural honours there :
 Fancy had deck'd the consecrated ground,
 And scatter'd never-fading roses round.
 And now my bold romantic thought aspires
 To hear the echo of celestial lyres ;
 Then catch some sound to bear delighted home,
 And boast I learnt the verse at Virgil's tomb ;
 Or, stretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant shade,
 With dreams extatic hov'ring o'er my head,
 See forms august, and laurel'd ghosts ascend,
 And with thyself, perhaps, the long procession end.

I came —but soon the phantoms disappear'd ;
 Far other scenes, than wanton Hope had rear'd ;
 No faery rites, no funeral pomp I found ;
 No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round :
 A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly shew'd
 The spot where once thy mausoleum stood :
 Hardly the form remain'd ; a nodding dome
 O'ergrown with moss is now all Virgil's tomb.

the time of his death, July 1769, he was Rector of Stratfield Sea and Stratfield Turgess, in the county of Hants. Dr. Warton, speaking of this Poem, says, there is in it as much lively and original imagery, strong painting, and manly sentiments of freedom, as in any he had ever read in our language. *Essay on the Genius of Pope*, p. 265.

'Twas such a scene as gave a kind relief
 To memory, in sweetly-pensive grief :
 Gloomy, unpleasing images it wrought ;
 No musing, soft complacency of thought :
 For Time had canker'd all, and worn away
 Ev'n the last, mournful graces of decay :
 Oblivion, hateful goddess, fate before,
 And cover'd with her dusky wings the door :
 No silver harps I heard, no Muse's voice,
 But birds obscene in horrid notes rejoice :
 Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinsel train
 Forsook the cheerless scene ; no more remain
 The warm ambitious hope of airy youth ;
 Severe reflection came, and frowning Truth :
 Away each glitt'ring gay idea fled,
 And bade a melancholy train succeed,
 That form'd, or seem'd to form, a mournful call
 In feeble echoes mutt'ring round the wall,
 Seek not the Muses here ! th' affrighted maids
 Have fled Parthenope's polluted shades :
 Her happy shores, the seats of joy and ease,
 Their fav'rite mansions once, no longer please :
 No longer, as of old, in transport lost,
 The sisters rove along th' enchanted coast ;
 They turn with horror from each much-lov'd stream,
 And loath the fields that were their darling theme :
 The tuneful names themselves once fondly gave
 To every swelling hill, and mossy cave,

So

So pleasing then, are only heard with sighs;
And each sad echo bids their sorrow rise.

Yet Nature smiles, as when their Virgil sung,
Nor 'midst a fairer scene his lyre was strung;
Still bloom the sweets of his elysium here,
And the same charms in every grove appear.
But ah! in vain indulgent fons prevail;
Health and delight in every balmy gale
Are wasted now in vain: small comfort bring
To weeping eyes the beauties of the spring.
To groaning slaves those fragrant meads belong,
Where Tully dictated, and Maro sung.
Long since, alas! those golden days are flown,
When here each Science wore its proper crown:
Pale Tyranny has laid their altars low,
And rent the laurel from the Muse's brow:
What wonder then 'midst such a scene to see
The Arts expire with bleeding Liberty?
Pensive and sad, each fair angelic form
Droops, like the wearied dove beneath a storm:
Far other views the poet's thought engage,
'Than the warm glories of th' Augustan age.
Can mis'ry bid th' imagination glow?
Or genius brighten 'midst domestic woe?
To see desponding wretches round him pine,
Horace had wept beneath the Alban vine.
Sad fits the bard amidst his country's tears,
And sighs, regardless of the wreath he wears.

Did

Did ever Want and Famine sweetly sing?
 The fetter'd hand uncouthly strikes the string.
 Lo! stern Oppression lifts her iron rod,
 And Ruin waits th' imperious harpy's nod:
 Black Desolation, and destructive War,
 Rise at the signal, and attend her car.
 From the dire pomp th' affrighted shepherd flies,
 And leaves his flock the rav'nous soldier's prize.
 Where now are all the nymphs that blest the plains?
 Where the full chorus of contented swains?
 The songs of love, of liberty and peace,
 Are heard no more; the dance and tabor cease:
 To the soft oaten pipe, and past'ral reed,
 The din of arms and clarion's blast succeed:
 Dire shapes appear in every op'ning glade;
 And Furies howl where once the Muses stray'd.

Is this the queen of realms, for arts renown'd?
 This captive maid, that weeps upon the ground?
 Alas! how chang'd!—dejected and forlorn!
 The mistress of the world become the scorn!
 Around stand Rapine, Horror and Despair;
 And Ign'rance, dark ally of barb'rous War:
 She, at th' usurping Vandal's dread command,
 Displays her gloomy banner o'er the land:
 Beneath its chilling shade neglected lies
 Each sister Art; and unlamented dies.
 Lo! Sculpture lets her useful chissel fall;
 While on some ruin'd temple's broken wall

Sad

Sad Architecture sits ; and sees with shame
 Mis-shapen piles usurp her injured name :
 Music and Verse, unhappy twins ! belong
 To antique Masque, and weak unmanly Song :
 The gathering deluge swells on every side,
 And monkish Superstition swells the tide.
 By the resistless torrent overborn
 Floats every Virtue, from its basis torn :
 Fair Learning droops, the sick'ning arts decay ;
 And every laurel fades, and every bay.
 All is confus'd, no traces now are seen
 To shew what wretched Italy has been.

Thus once Vesuvius, crown'd with circling wood,
 Parthenope, thy beauteous neighbour stood :
 Perpetual Spring cloath'd the fair mountain's side,
 And, what is now thy terror, was thy pride.
 Sudden th' imprison'd flames burst forth ; and laid
 On smoaky heaps each shrieking Dryad's shade :
 Now deep in ashes sinks the myrtle bow'r,
 O'er beds of flow'rs sulphureous torrents roar ;
 And exil'd demi-gods their ruin'd seats deplore.



THE LINK. A BALLAD.

YE ladies that live in the city or town,
 Fair Winton or Alresford so fine and so gay;
 And ye neat country lassies in clean linen gown,
 As neat and as blithe and as pretty as they:
 Come away strait to Ovington^a, for you can't think
 What a charming new walk there is made on the Link.

Look how lovely the prospect, the meadows how green,
 The fields and the woods, in the vale or the hill:
 The trees, and the cottage that peeps out between,
 The clear stream that runs bubbling in many a rill,
 That will show your fair face as you stand on the brink,
 And murmurs most sweetly all under the Link.

How pleasant the morning, how clear the blue sky,
 How pure the fresh air, and how healthy the place!
 Your heart goes a pit-a-pat light as a fly,
 And the blood circles briskly, and glows in your face:
 Would you paint your fair cheeks with the rose and the pink?
 Throw your washes away, take a walk on the Link.

^a A village near Alresford in Hampshire.

After

After dinner the 'squire, ere the ladies retreat,
Marches off with some friends that will ply the brisk glass;
Give us liquor enough, and a good pleasant seat,
And damn your fine taste, and your finical las:
Al fresco, my lads, we'll carouse and we'll drink,
Take your bottle each man, and away to the Link.

Not so gentle Collin, whom love holds in thrall,
To Molly he steals all in silence away;
And when nought can be heard but the rude water-fall,
And the woodbine breathes sweetest at close of the day,
He takes her soft hand, and he tips her the wink,
Come, my dear, let us take a cool walk on the Link.

But, O ye fair maidens, be sure have a care,
Nor lay yourselves open to love's cruel dart;
Of the hour and the place and the season beware,
And guard well each passage that leads to your heart;
Sly Cupid will steal in at some little chink,
If you walk in the evening too late on the Link.

Ye poets so lofty, who love to retire
From the noise of the town to the stream and the wood;
Who in epics and tragics, with marvellous fire,
Utter sounds by mere mortals not well understood:
Here mouthe your loud strain, and here ply pen and ink,
Quit Parnassus and Pindus, and come to the Link.

And

And come you, who for thought are at little expence,
Who indite gentle pastoral, ballad, or song ;
You see with finooth numbers, and not too much sense,
How the verses run easy and glibly along ;
And the rhyme at the close how it falls with a clink,
So kind are the Muses that sport on the Link !

THE
SQUIRE OF DAMES.
A POEM.

IN SPENSER'S STYLE,

By MOSES MENDEZ Esq. ².

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

In the seventh Canto of the Legend of Chastity, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, the Squire of Dames tells Satyrane, that by order of his mistress Columbel, (after having¹ served the ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation. The bad success he met with in the course of three years, which is slightly touch'd upon by Spenser, is the foundation of the following poem.

* Of Mitcham in Surry, a gentleman of the Jewish religion, author of three dramattick pieces, a poem called Henry and Blanche, printed in 4to, 1746, and several other performances scattered in different miscellanies. On the 19th of June, 1750, he was created M. A. by the university of Oxford. He is supposed to have been the richest poet of his time, being possessed at the time of his death, 4th of February, 1758, of not less than one hundred thousand pounds.

P R O L O G U E.

HARD is the heart that never knew to love,
 Ne felt the pleasing anguish of desire.
 Ye British maids, more fair than Venus' dove,
 For you alone I tune my humble lyre ;
 Adopt me, nymphs, receive me in your quire,
 Make me your bard ; for that is all my care :
 Then shall I envy not that aged fire,
 Who doth for court his annual song prepare :
 I lever myrtle wreath than Kesar's laurel wear.

II.

Think not because I write of Columbel
 I thence would blast the sex with impious tale ;
 Transactions vile of foreign stronds I tell,
 Ne 'gainst a British female would I rail
 For all the wealth that rolls on Indian grail.
 Here, beauty, truth, and chastity are found :
 Eleonora here, with visage pale,
 Did suck the poison from her Edward's wound,
 And Ana's nuptial faith shall stand for aye renown'd.

III.

See the fair swans on 'Thamis' lovely tide,
 The which do trim their pennons silver bright,
 In shining ranks they down their waters ride ;
 Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant fight.

Then

Then cast thy looks with wonder and delight,
Where yon sweet nymphs enjoy the ev'ning air,
Some daunce along the green, like fairies light,
Some flow'rets cull to deck their flowing hair;
Then tell me, soothly, swain, which fight thou deem'st most
fair.

IV.

To you, bright stars, that sparkle on our idle,
I give my life, my fortune, and my fame;
For my whole guerdon grant me but a smile,
A smile from you is all I hope or claim;
Nor age's ice my ardent zeal shall tame,
To my life's end I shall your names adore,
Not hermits bosoms feel so pure a flame,
Warm'd by approval I more high shall soar;
Receive my humble lays, my heart was yours before.

V.

Should you consent, I'll quit my shepherd's grey,
And don more graceful and more costly gear,
My crook and scrip I'll throw with scorn away,
And in a samite garment streit appear.
Farewell, ye groves, which once I held so dear;
Farewell, ye glens, I other joys pursue;
Then shall the world your matchless pow'r revere,
And own what wonders your sweet smiles can do,
That could a simple clown into a bard transfew.

C A N T O I.

A R G U M E N T.

*The Squire of Dames to Satyrane
His history doth tell,
With all the toils he underwent
To gain his Columbel.*

I.

TH E Squire of Dames his tale thus 'gan to tell;
Sith you command my tongue, fir Satyrane,
I now will all declare that me befell,
The cause of muchel scath and dol'rous pain,
Ne shall thy gentle eye from tears refrain.
Me Columbel commanded far to go
'Till I should full three hundred nymphs attain,
Whose hearts should aye with Virtue's lessons glow,
And to all swains but one cry out for ever, No.

II.

To find the fortilage that ne'er will yield
Is not an easy matter, good fir Knight;
Troy town, they say, is now a grafs-grown field,
That long withstood the force of Grecian might;

And

And castles fall though deep in earth empight ;
 Ne ought so strong is found but what may fail,
 The sun at last shall lose his glorious light,
 And vows or bribes o'er women may prevail ;
 Their hearts are made of flesh, and mortal flesh is frail.

III.

With heavy heart, and full of cark I go,
 And take my congé of my blooming maid,
 I kiss'd her hond, and louting very low,
 To her behest at length myself array'd :
 The fair we love expects to be obey'd,
 Although she bid us with the kestrel fly ;
 So forth I prick, though much by doubt dismay'd,
 The hard experiment resolv'd to try :
 For she was wond'rous fair, and much in love was I.

IV.

A grove I reach'd, where tuneful throbbles sung ;
 The linnét here did ope his little throat ;
 His twitting jests around the euckoo sung,
 And the proud goldfinch show'd his painted coat,
 And hail'd us with no inharmonious note :
 The robin eke here tun'd his sonnet shrill,
 And told the soothing ditty all by rote,
 How he with leaves his pious beak did fill,
 To shroud those pretty babes, whom Sib unkind would
 kill.

V.

And many a fair Narcissus deck'd the plain,
That seem'd anew their passions to admire;
Here Ajax told his dolours o'er again,
And am'rous Clytie ficken'd with desire;
Here the blown rose with odors sweet did spire;
Through the dun grove a murm'ring river led
His chrystal streams that wound in many a gyre;
The baleful willow all the banks bespread,
And ever to the breeze ycurl'd his hoary head.

VI.

Soon to the grove there came a lovely maid
(For maiden sure she did to me appear);
In plain check-laton was the nymph array'd,
Her sparkling eyes flood full of many a tear,
And she bewept the absence of her dear.
Alas! should beauty be to woe allay'd?
Beauty, methinks, should meet with better cheer,
Content should never wander from her side;
Good luck, I pray to heav'n, the face that's fair betide.

VII.

“ Ah! woe is me, she cry'd, since Colin's fled,
“ Whose gentle presence did these plains adorn,
“ Soon was he ravish'd from the nuptial bed,
“ Torn from these arms, from his dear leman torn!

“ O grief!

- " O grief! far sharper than the pointed thorn,
 " I saw him ill-bested by martial band.
 " Alas the day that ever I was born!
 " Where roves my Colin, on what foreign strand,
 " Arraught from Laura's eyes, and his dear native land?

VIII.

- " Alas! he only knew to prune the vine,
 " Or through the earth to urge the biting share,
 " To twist the bower with fragrant eglantine,
 " Where free from heat we shun'd the noon-tide air,
 " Or to the mart to lead his fleecy care.
 " And is it fit in hacqueton and mail
 " The youth for war's grim terrors should prepare!
 " His voice outfung the love-lorn nightingale,
 " And deftly could he dance, or pipe along the dale.

IX.

- " The gos-hawk fierce may pounce the trembling dove,
 " The savage wolf may tear the bounding fawn;
 " But sparrows mild are form'd for feats of love,
 " And kids dew not with blood the flow'ry lawn;
 " Then how shall he, in whom all graces dawn,
 " In the red field the cruel paynim kill?
 " For scenes like these find men of hellish spawn.
 " 'Tis his with joy the virgin's heart to fill,
 " And not on foreign shore his foemen's blood to spill.

X.

" No days of bliss my sorrows shall aflake,
 " For him I'll ever drop the dol'rous tear :
 " Adieu the circled green, the buxom wake,
 " Since Colin's gone I taste of nought but drear,
 " Stretch me, ye maidens, stretch me on the bier,
 " And let my grave-stone these true words adorn :
 " A wretched maiden lies intombed here,
 " Who saw a shepherd brighter than the morn,
 " Then pin'd her heart away, and dy'd of love forlorn."

XI.

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
 And greeted to myself, O happy Squire !
 At length, though late, thou hast found out a saint,
 Who, but for Colin, feels no warm desire,
 Perdie, quoth Satyrane, I her admire :
 No lozel loose shall here discover'd be,
 The other answer'd with his cheeks on fire,
 Now by my hallidom you soon shall see
 That words may with the heart full often ill agree,

XII.

I, nought accoy'd, came up unto the fair,
 And swore to love her all my length of life ;
 Then offer'd her to gorgeous domes to bear,
 Where haidegives are daunc'd to harp and fife,

She soon forgot she was another's wife,
 And granted with me to desert the plain.
 Are such ensamples among women rife?
 If so, my Columbel I ne'er shall gain,
 But hunt around the world, and find my labours vain.

XIII.

My lips I 'gan to royme in fell despite,
 And forth I rushed from her false embrace,
 Through the thick wood I wander'd day and night,
 Ne met I living creature face to face:
 At length a rising city far I trace;
 Thither in hopes my hasty steps I bend,
 Perchance, thought I, true Virtue may embrace
 The courtly dome, and from the country wend.
 Thus, where we least expect, we often find a friend.

XIV.

At e'en the town I reach'd, and eke a hall,
 Which waxen tapers made as light as day;
 Fair jovisaunce sat on the face of all,
 And to the daunce the sprightly minstrels play,
 Each seem'd as sportive as the wanton jay.
 The dame, who own'd the house, was passing old,
 And had, it seems, that morning dealt away
 To her kind grandson many bags of gold,
 Who took a bonnibel to haven and to hold.

XV.

The bride was named Viola the fair,
 The loaded rosiere is not half so sweet.
 Aye, aye, quoth I, enfamples are but rare
 To find so many charms in one discreet;
 With you, fair las, I mean not now to treat.
 The springal was in wholesome luttled;
 And him by name of Pamphilus they greet;
 He was to doughty chievice ybred,
 Yet oft in courtly halls the active measure led.

XVI.

The auncient dame they do Avara call,
 And much she hobbled as she trod the ground;
 Yet many angels in her crumenal,
 If fair report speaks true, were always found.
 Where riches flow, there virtues too abound.
 Her pannikel was as a badger grey,
 And, as she walk'd the company around,
 It nodded with such force, that, by my fay,
 I thought it meant to fly from her old crag away.

XVII.

The lofty roof was fretted o'er with gold,
 And all around the walls depeinten were
 With many histories of times of old,
 Which brought not muchel credit to the fair.

There Leda held her swan, with shoulders bare,
 And here the dame of Ephefus was found,
 Lick other dames, whom my kind tongue shall spare,
 And here stood Helen for her charms renown'd,
 Who soon her lord forsook; when she a leman found.

XVIII.

And many a beauteous dame and courtly knight
 Came there the nuptials for to celebrate:
 Some vers'd to wing from bow the nimble flight,
 Some the near foe with brondir'n to amate;
 Me too they welcome to the hall of state;
 With bel accoil they wished me to take
 A round or two, and choose me out a mate:
 But my fond love, which nothing could asslake,
 Caus'd me to flight them all, for Columbella's sake.

XIX.

And now to artful steps the floor rebounds,
 In graceful ease the shining beavys move,
 The noice like thunder at a distance sounds.
 Mean time I sat beneath a proud alcove,
 And told Avara gentle tales of love.
 Thought I, in eld the passions are more tame,
 And here by craft I may successful prove;
 For she perforce must now be void of blame
 As wife Ulysses' wife, Penelopé by name.

XX.

Ne wants she gelt, which oft the mind misleads
 To actions which it otherwise would shun.
 The courtier lythe, if right report arreeds,
 Will unawhap'd to seize his vantage run ;
 And so will most men underneath the sun ;
 Or be they patriot call'd, or bard, or knight ;
 But when they once the gilded prize have won,
 They seek to clear their name, with shame bedight ;
 Befits to scour the steel, when rust offends the fight.

XXI.

At every word I said she look'd askaunce,
 Then said, in unfoot whispers, Fye ! Sir, fye !
 And turn'd as though she seem'd to mind the daunce,
 Nathless on me she cast a languid eye :
 Bliss by thy form, my liefast life, quoth I,
 Cast your belgards upon an humble slave ;
 From love, alas ! in vain my heart would fly ;
 Then with a word thy quailing leman save,
 For if you frown, perdie, you doom me to the grave.

XXII.

It happ'd by chaunce she saw a golden heart
 With flaming diamonds around beset ;
 This, the whole guerdon of my tedious finart,
 I, on a time, from Columbel did get.

As simple birds are caught in fowler's net,
 And 'cause they see no danger, none they fear :
 Ev'n so Avara her eyen here did set,
 And turned round and whisper'd in mine ear,
 Give me that di'mond heart: and be mine leman dear.

XXIII,

I started from the couch where I was pight,
 And thus I her bespake with muchel rage,
 Avaunt, thou faytor false, thou imp of night !
 I hate myself that I should thus engage,
 On any terms to treat with wrizled age.
 So, forth I flung, and left the frowy witch
 To share her bed with coachman, groom or page ;
 The castle too I quit, mine ire was sich,
 And out I set again, though night was dark as pitch.

XXIV,

But did I here relate, fir Satyrane,
 The many weary miles I've travelled,
 What dangers I've assail'd, yet all in vain,
 (For, by my truth, but ill my days I've sped)
 Your hair would stand upright upon your head.
 Three hundred virtuous females, side by side,
 By me to Columbella must be led :
 Can you direct me where for such to ride ?
 I cannot, in good sooth, the courteous knight reply'd.

XXV. The

XXV.

The Squire purfu'd his tale : 'Tis now three years
 Since curst Avara's visage first I ſaw ;
 Convents I've try'd, but there the luſcious freers
 The fair-fac'd nuns to fornication draw ;
 Nor palaces are free from Cupid's law ;
 His darts are fiercer than the levin-brond ;
 Few, very few, there 'ſcape his mighty paw ;
 And thoſe in golden palls, who proudly ſtand,
 Had lever kiſs their love's, than Keſar's royal hand.

XXVI

Fair Jenny of the mill I ſtrove to win,
 And her benempt Paſtora of the dale ;
 But they bilive agreed with me to fin ;
 One ask'd an owch, and one a watchet veil.
 Some wiſh o'er every female to prevail ;
 My hope, my conqueſt is to be deny'd.
 The ſtage I've try'd, but there my projects fail ;
 For there is ſcarce a ſingle wedded bride
 But doth her husband's noul with horns of ront provide.

XXVII.

As couthful fiſhers at the benty brook,
 By various arts aſſot the ſecly fry,
 Now wriggling worms, now paſte conceals the hook,
 And now they hide it with a colour'd fly ;

This

This takes the perch, and that the tench's eye :
 So diff'rent nymphs a diff'rent charm invites,
 Some yield for vantage, some for vanity ;
 A song this one, a daunce that maid delights :
 Man throws the wimble bait, and greedy woman bites.

XXVIII.

With sorrow overhent, the other day
 I laid my weary limbs adown to rest,
 Where a tall beech o'erspread the dusky way ;
 My noyous thoughts a dream awhile suppress'd,
 Oft weighty truths are in this garb ydressed.
 Grant that it so may happen unto me ;
 Then joyance once again shall sooth this breast,
 My pining soul shall be from anguish free,
 And I shall taste true blifs, dear Columbel, with thee.

XXIX.

Methought I saw a figure fair and tall,
 And gentle smiles sat dimpling on her face,
 Yet seemed of a beauty nought at all,
 'Till much beholding did improve each grace ;
 At length she seem'd too fair for human race.
 Her kirtle white might vie with winter snows,
 Ne could you aught of her fair bosom trace,
 Nought but her face would she to fight expose,
 So modest maiden wends, the frannion muchel shows.

XXX. With

XXX.

With visage bland methought she hail'd me oft ;
 " Ne fear, quoth she, a female's mild request.
 " The bark by tempests that is whirl'd aloft,
 " At length, the tempest o'er, enjoyeth rest.
 " My name is Chastity, though out of quest
 " With modern dames, yet thou shalt still survey
 " A clime where beauty is with virtue blest.
 " Good fortune speed you on your happy way ;
 " Go, gentle Squire of Dames, and here no longer stay.

XXXI.

" To fairy land your instant journey bend,
 " There Columbel may find her will obey'd ;
 " There Chastity may boast of many a friend,
 " She visits there each rosy-featur'd maid.
 " Go on, nor be by former toils affray'd :
 " Go, where yon oaks display their verdant pride,
 " 'Till, from the mountains torn, and stripp'd of shade,
 " On Neptune's billows they triumphant ride,
 " Protect their happy land, and conquer all beside.

XXXII.

" Hail, happy land ! for arms and arts renown'd,
 " For blooming virgins free from loose desire ;
 " A Drake, a Bacon, there a birth-place found,
 " And chaste Eliza time shall e'er admire :

" The

" The hero wields the sword and poet's lyre :
 " This Sidney knew, who still with lustre shines,
 " For whom Dan Spenser wak'd the warbling quire,
 " And many more whose names might grace his lines ;
 " There round the warrior's palm the lover's myrtle
 " twines."

XXXIII.

At this I woke, and now resolv'd to brave
 The utmost perils for my Columbel :
 For, know, I mean to cross the briny wave,
 Where Albion's chalky cliffs the sea repel :
 And, if no mage have laid the magic spell,
 Perchance my lot may be at length to find
 Three hundred nymphs, who wicked love can quell ;
 If not, I must desert all womankind,
 And, what me most amates, leave Columbel behind,

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames surceas'd here his say,
 And forth he yode to seek the British isle,
 Sir Satyrane prick'd on his dapple-grey,
 Ne aught foreswonk he travell'd many a mile
 To spend his days in hardiment and toil :
 But first in courteous guise they bid farewell,
 As well befits men bred in courtly foil.
 Now how the Squire has sped, or ill, or well,
 A future canto may, perhaps, at leisure tell.

XXXV. For

XXXV.

For see, how Phœbus welketh in the west,
 My oxen from their yoke I must untye,
 The collar much has chauf'd their tender chest,
 Who labours much the sweets of rest should try.
 To their warm nests the daws and ravens fly
 Deep in the ruin'd dome or dusky wood ;
 And beasts and birds fast lock'd in slumber lye,
 Save the fell bat, that flutters out for food,
 And the soothsaying owl, with her unlovely brood,

CANTO II.

A R G U M E N T.

*The Squire he lights on Bon-vivant,
 Who wons in Fairy soil,
 Then views in Merlin's magic glass
 A fight that ends his toil.*

I.

TO gain the point to which our soul aspires
 We nourish toil, and reek hard labour sweet ;
 For this, thro' Greenland's frosts, or India's fires,
 The hardy sailors death and dangers meet ;

And

And the prow chieftain, bolder than discreet,
 In blood imbru'd pursues the martial fray;
 And lovers eke through life's loud tempests beat,
 Led on by hope, that never-dying ray;
 Hope wantons in her breast, and strews with flow'rs the
 way.

II.

And sure of all mankind the Squire of Dames
 Shall stand the first ensample of true love,
 Who aye, untouch'd by any foreign flames,
 Preserv'd his passion for his gentle dove.
 Blush, modern youths, whose pulses quickly move,
 Fondly you glote upon the witching fair:
 Yet, when a sweet enjoyment once you prove,
 You leave the nymph intangled in the snare,
 Her tears flow trickling down, her singults pierce the air.

III.

O think of transports which ye whilom tasted,
 And let the glad remembrance charm your mind,
 Be not the fruits of joyment quickly wasted,
 And to your heart her happy image bind:
 Think what she merits who whilear was kind,
 Nor by inconstancy her peace destroy;
 Inconstancy, that monster fell and blind,
 That, vainly fond of every passing toy,
 Treads down its late delight, and poisons rapt'rous joy.

IV.

Return we now unto our gentle youth,
 Whose little bark daunc'd lightly on the main,
 His breast divided atween joy and ruth;
 Now gay ideas wanton in his brain,
 Now woe-begon his heart is rent in twain,
 On his success depends his Columbel;
 And now he hopes, and now desponds again;
 The various turns, of mind, when thoughts rebel,
 Sure pen mote ne'er describe, and none but lovers tell.

V.

Methinks I see him on the beechy strand,
 Where Neptune's waves affrap the sturdy pier;
 His hardy steed neighs at the sight of lond,
 In all adventures a most faithful seer;
 And through that city^m he doth quickly steer,
 Which Ethelbert to holy Austen gave:
 The kings of Kent did erst inhabit here,
 Here haughty Becket sunk into the grave,
 Here thro' the smiling meads Stoure rolls his dimpling wave.

VI.

Long travell'd he, ne ventur'd to assay
 The nymphs he met, for much he was affray'd
 To bribes or pray'rs few women would cry nay;
 At flatt'ry's tongue full oft will virtue fade:

^m Canterbury.

What shall he do ? to win his lovely maid
 He must three hundred virtuous females find.
 Perdie, quoth he, my fortune be essay'd,
 I'll boldly try the strength of womankind :
 For craven heart, they say, ne'er won fair lady's mind.

VII.

So on he prick'd, and from a rising ground
 Discern'd before him, in a distant vale,
 A castle fair : and auncient oaks around
 Did to the breeze their lofty heads avail ;
 A silver stream refresh'd the fragrant dale ;
 Their ledden loud fat oxen did repeat,
 And nibbling sheep display'd their fleeces pale,
 The woodbine shed an odor matchless sweet,
 And to their patient dams the frisking lambkins bleat.

VIII.

To that same castle our advent'rer yode,
 The merry birds him welcom'd on the way,
 An hundred flow'rs aumail'd the winding road,
 And all was bright, and all was passing gay ;
 You would have sworn it was the month of May.
 Withouten drad he thunders at the gate,
 Who wons within, or giant, knight, or fay,
 Shall ne'er, in sooth, our imp of fame amate :
 Unto the summons loud the portal opens streit.

IX.

And forth there issued the feneschal,
 Of middle age he was, if right I ween,
 He was in personage both plump and tall,
 Ne seemed he to taste of dol'rous teen,
 Ne wrinkle deep was on his forehead seen,
 But jovifaunce fat basking on his brow,
 At every word he spoke, he smil'd at-ween,
 His temples were ycrown'd with myrtle bough,
 And virelays he song with matchless grace, I vow.

X.

" Whoe'er thou art, thrice welcome to these plains,
 " Where bitter dole ne'er shows her hateful head,
 " Good-fellowship wons here, and free from pains
 " Both youth and eld the paths of pleasure tread;
 " Catch flying bliss, ne be by aught foresaid;
 " Think that this life is but a little span;
 " Then laugh, and sport, and shun all dreryhed,
 " Thy rolling days in present pleasures plan,
 " Come, spend thy hours in joy, thou son of mortal man

XI.

" Know'st thou my name! I am l'Allegro hight,
 " Let me conduct thee to our jovial hall,
 " Where Bon-vivant in revels spends the night,
 " Who bids a hearty welcome unto all,

" Or wear he red cross-stoles, or paynim pall."
 With that he lad him with a courtly air
 Into a chamber deck'd for feast and ball;
 And though no tudes or tapers glimmer'd there,
 Yet all within was bright, as all without was fair.

XII.

As at the close of an hot summer's day,
 When Phœbus in the west deserts the sky,
 Bright streams of light along the æther play,
 And though his fiery orb forsake our eye,
 The beamy gushes gild each object nigh;
 The painted meads are ting'd with golden light,
 And rivers roll their glittering waters by;
 So in this house of joy with ease you might
 Perceive celestial rays, that cherish'd human sight.

XIII.

The Squire of Dames his jolly host salu'd,
 And Bon-vivant his hond in friendship press'd;
 " Come, sit thee down, and taste our choicest food;
 " We entertake, quoth he, no vulgar guest,
 " Enur'd to toil, come taste the sweets of rest,
 " Doff thy hard arms, this samite garment wear,
 " This better far than mail shall bind thy breast,
 " This coronal shall deck thy auburn hair;
 " Push the brisk goblet round, and drown intruding care.

XIV.

- “ For us the lark attunes his morning song,
 “ For us the spring depicts her every flower,
 “ To sooth our sleep yon fountain purls along,
 “ And oaks to shade us twine into a bow’r,
 “ The penfive bard sits many a watchful hour,
 “ In ditty sweet, to carol forth our praise:
 “ While valour spends his days in dole and flour,
 “ We, while we, undying trophies raise
 “ To ever-blooming bliis, ne reek what wisdom says,

XV.

- “ With sprightly notes we make the welkin ring,
 “ In mazy daunce we tread the chequer’d ground;
 “ To yielding nymphs transported shepherds sing,
 “ No hard misfere emongst our train is found.
 “ The simple swain, who looks with cark astoun’d
 “ Because his leman ill rewards his care,
 “ Oh, let him stond to all a lout renown’d,
 “ Ne gibing scorn her twitting bords forbear;
 “ Are there not other nymphs less coy, and full as fair?”

XVI.

- At this the Squire wax’d pale, “ Ne eath it is,
 “ Most courteous knight, he cry’d, far to remove
 “ The thoughts of her in whom we place all bliis.”
 “ Both Bon-vant, “ What, then thou art in love?”

“ That I am so these many singults prove,”
 Return’d the Squire. L’Allegro then reply’d,
 “ Thou’dst better wend to yonder willow grove,
 “ Where shoals of lovers hanging side by side,
 “ Feed the vile carrion crows, and heighten female pride.”

XVII.

With that he brast into a scornful laugh,
 And much abash’d appear’d our constant Squire ;
 The other sportful the brisk vintage quaff.
 While thus the springal ; “ Yes, I do aspire
 “ To love the fairest of the female quire.
 “ Three hundred virtuous damsels in this isle
 “ I came to find.” “ Perdie, your odd desire,
 “ Quoth Bon-vivant, will ask thee muchel toil ;
 “ And thou shalt travel too full many a weary mile.”

XVIII.

“ Tis not enough the conduct of the fair
 “ Is form’d by frowning virtue’s strictest leer :
 “ The blatant-beast does here in pieces tear
 “ The fame of those ybred in school severe ;
 “ His rankling tongue throughout the rolling year
 “ With baleful venom every thing consumes ;
 “ Where beauty’s splendor gilds our northern sphere
 “ He slyly creeps, and to destruction dooms
 “ The honour of the spring, and wisdom’s early blooms.

XIX.

“ The brindled lyon in the lonely wood
 “ Hides his grim aspect from the sight of men ;

" The pardelis and libbard's spotted brood
 " Reside contented in sequester'd den;
 " Not so the blatant-beast, he lives in ken
 " Of the proud city or well-peopled town;
 " Thence with detested fury he will ren,
 " Ne spare the prelate's lawn, or monarch's crown;
 " All fares alike with him, for all he tumbleth down,

XX.

" What then avails it to be fair or wise?
 " Or what avails it to be warlike knight?
 " Where-e'er the monster casts his fiery eyes,
 " Each grace, each virtue sickens at the sight.
 " Then, goodly Squire, until the morning's light
 " Quaff the thick darkness of the night away;
 " And, when the morn shall rise, in arms bedight
 " Proceed, and luck attend you on your way;
 " Algaes we wish in truth with us you'd ever stay."

XXI.

The Squire agrees, but vows, when rising morn
 Shall gild the glitt'rand portals of the east,
 Himself he will in habergeon adorn,
 And seek around the isle the blatant-beast:
 Mean while in buxom mirth they spend the feast,
 Ill fares the mortal man too much who knows;
 Oft shall he wish himself from thought releast;
 The fatal knowledge in his bosom glows,
 And mars his golden rest, and murders soft repose,

XXII. Sir

XXII.

Sir Chaunticleer now ey'd the rising day,
 And call'd dame Partlet from her vetchy bed ;
 Now wakeful Phosphor spreads his gleamy ray,
 And the pale moon conceal'd her silver head ;
 The cattle brouze the lawn with dew bespread,
 While every bird from out the buskets flies.
 Then to the field our lover issued ;
 But sleep had seal'd P'Allegro's drousy eyes,
 And Bon-vivant also in downy slumber lies.

XXIII.

Our Squire, withouten drad, pursu'd his way,
 And look'd around to spy this monster fell,
 And many a well conceited roundelay
 He sung in honour of his Columbel :
 Mote he, perchaunce, destroy this spawn of hell,
 How easy were the task to him assign'd !
 The lond of Fairy doth each lond excel ;
 View there the paragons of womankind ;
 View the bright virgins there, and leave thy heart behind.

XXIV.

Ah ! lever should'st thou try the females there
 Than thus unwise another course pursue ;
 There every nymph is innocent as fair :
 Try what I here advance, you'll find it true.
 Hard is our fate while bliss in hopes we sew,
 Some deadly fiend to blast our joy appears ;
 Contentment sweet, alas ! is known to few.

Thus

Thus for awhile the sun the welkin cheers,
But soon he hides his head, and melts in dropping tears.

XXV.

Life is a scene of conteck and distrefs,
Ne is it longer than a winter's day;
And shall we make our few enjoyments less?
Far from my cot, thou blatant-beast, away.
No husband's noul will I with horns array,
Ne shall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
On tuneful bards, whom laurel crowns apay;
Ne will I 'gainst the comely matron speak,
Or draw one pearly drop down beauty's rosy cheek.

XXVI.

The Squire of Dames rode on with muchel tine,
And, as he cast askaunce his greedy look,
He saw empight beneath an auncient pine
A hoary shepherd leaning on his crook:
His falling tears increas'd the swelling brook:
And he did sigh as he would break his heart.
"O thou deep-read in sorrow's baleful book,
"The Squire exclaim'd, areed thy burning smart;
"Our dolours grow more light when we the tale impart."

XXVII.

To whom the swain reply'd, "O gentle youth,
"Yon fruitful meads my num'rous herds posses'd,
"My days roll'd on unknown to pain or ruth,
"And one fair daughter my old age yblefs'd.

"Oh,

“ Oh, had you seen her for the wake ydrefs’d
 “ With kirtle ty’d with many a colour’d string,
 “ Thy tongue to all the world had then confests’d
 “ That she was sheener than the pheasant’s wing,
 “ And, when she rais’d her voice, no lark so foot could sing.

XXVIII.

“ In virtue’s thews I bred the lovely maid,
 “ And she right well the lessons did pursue;
 “ Too wise she was to be by man betray’d;
 “ But the curst blatant-beast her form did view,
 “ And round our plains did spread a tale untrue,
 “ That Rosabella, spurning marriage band,
 “ Had felt those pangs which virgin never knew,
 “ And that Sir Topas my poor girl trepann’d;
 “ He, who in fable stole doth in our pulpit stand.

XXIX.

“ Nay, more, the hellish monster has invented,
 “ How a young swain on Shannon’s banks yborn
 “ (Had not my care the deep-laid plot prevented)
 “ Would from my arms my Rosabel have born.
 “ Have I not cause to weep from rising morn
 “ ’Till Phœbus welketh in the western main,
 “ To see my darling’s fame thus vildly torn?
 “ Have I not cause to nourish endless pain?”
 At this he deeply sigh’d, and wept full sore again.

XXX.

“ Curst be this blatant-beast, reply’d the Squire,
 “ That thus infects your sea-begirted isle;

“ Shew

" Shew me his face, that I may wreak mine ire
 " Upon this imp of hell, this monster vile."
 " Away from hence not passing fure a mile,
 " Might I advise you, you had better wend,"
 Return'd the swain, " deep-read in magic-style
 " There Merlin wons, sue him to be your friend ;
 " And lest you miss your way, myself will you attend."

XXXI.

Together now they seek the hermitage
 Deep in the covert of a dusky glade,
 Where in his dortour wons the hoary sage.
 The moss-grown trees did form a gloomy shade,
 Their rustling leaves a solemn music made,
 And fairies nightly tripp'd the awful green,
 And if the tongue of fame hath truth display'd,
 Full many a spectre was at midnight seen,
 Torn from his earthly grave, a horrid sight ! I ween.

XXXII.

Ne rose, ne vi'let, glads the chearless bow'r,
 Ne fringed pink from earth's green bosom grew,
 But hemlock dire, and every baleful flow'r
 Might here be found, and knots of mystic rue.
 Close to the cell sprong up an auncient yew,
 And store of imps were on its boughs ypight,
 At his behests they from its branches flew,
 And, in a thousand various form bedight,
 Frisk'd to the moon's pale wain, and revell'd all the night.

XXXIII. Around

XXXIII.

Around the cave a clust'ring ivy spread
 In wide embrace his over-twining arms,
 Within, the walls with characters bespread
 Declar'd the pow'rful force of magic charms.
 Here drugs were plac'd destructive of all harms,
 And books that deep futurity could scan:
 Here stood a spell that of his rage disarms
 The mountain lyon 'till he yields to man;
 With many secrets more, which scarce repeat I can.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames deep enters in the cell!
 What will not valiant heart for beauty dare?
 His borrel fere here bids his friend farewell,
 And home he wends renewing cark and care.
 When, louting low with a becoming air,
 The youth cry'd out, "O thrice renowned mage,
 "Vouchsafe to cure me of my black dispair;
 "For thou not only art grown wise through age,
 "But art of mortal man by far the wisest sage."

XXXV.

Then Merlin with a look benign reply'd,
 (For he was bred with every courteous thew)
 "I know to make fair Columbel your bride
 "The blatant-beast you through the lond pursue;
 "The fate of empires now demands my view,
 "And for awhile denys my presence here;
 "Soon in this cell I'll thee again salew,

"What

" Let Erebus in pitchy stole bedight
 " With foulest sprites the sons of men affray,
 " And blot for ever the fair face of day.
 " Ye haggard sisters, found my passing-bell;
 " Oh! ne'er believe, ye youths, what women say.
 " O losel loose, O impious Columbel!"
 Then like a steen to earth full heavily he fell.

XLII.

There shall we leave him, for my leaky boat
 Lets in the water, and I must recure
 Her much worn-hulk, that scarcely now can float,
 And moor'd in harbour she shall ride secure;
 Then if I can a pilot wife procure,
 Mayhap I may again hoist forth my sail,
 And other hardy voyages endure
 Through shelves and shallows: now the adverse gale
 Gives me some time to rest, and loud with joy I hail.

G L O S S A R Y.

Amail, enamel.	Keftrel, an hawk
Avale, bow	Levin-brond, thunder-bolt
Brond-iron, a sword	Ledden, language.
Blatant-beast, detraction or envy	Pannikel, crown of the head
Baskets, bushes	To royne, to bite, or gnaw
Borrel fere, clownish companion	Recure, to repair
Crumenal, purse	Sib, an uncle
Coronal, crown or garland	Springal, a youth
Fortilage, fort	Wimble, shifting to and fro
Flight, arrow	Yode, went.



On the Death of a Lady's Owl.

BY THE SAME.

THE Owl expires! death gave the dreadful word,
 And lovely Anna weeps her fav'rite bird.
 Ye feather'd choir, in willing throngs repair,
 And sooth the sorrows of the melting fair;
 In sounds of woe the dear-departed greet,
 With cypress strew, ye doves, the green retreat;
 The fateful raven tolls the passing-bell,
 The solemn dirge be sung by Philomel;
 Sir Chanticleer, a chief of hardy race,
 Shall guard from kites and daws the sacred place.
 With your just tears a bard shall mix his own,
 And thus, in artless verse, inscribe the stone.

E P I T A P H.

INTERR'D within this little space
 The bird of wisdom lies;
 Learn hence, how vain is every grace,
 How fruitless to be wise.
 Can mortal stop the arm of Death,
 Who ne'er compassion knew?
 He! Venus' lover robb'd of breath;
 He, Anna's darling flew.

! Adonis.

VOL. IV.

L

Ah,

Ah, happy bird, to raise those sighs
Which man could ne'er obtain !
Ah, happy bird, to cloud those eyes
That fir'd each kneeling swain !

Thrice blest'd thy life, her joy, her bliss,
Thrice blest'd thy happy doom ;
She gave thee many a melting kiss,
She wept upon thy tomb.



The VANITY of HUMAN WISH:

T H E

Tenth SATIRE of JUVENAL,

I M I T A T E D

By DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET^m observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;

As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good ;
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

▪ But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
 Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys ;
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord,
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,

Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers found,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet ° still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once P more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With chearful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd capricious
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;

How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
 Attentive truth, and nature to decry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty shew,
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, and whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at every glance on humankind;
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass every prayer,
 † Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
 And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold ;

† Ver. 56—107.

For now no more we trace in every line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal ;
 Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolfey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
 'Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What ^r gave great Villiers ^s to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's ^t closing life?
 What murder'd Wentworth ^v, and what exil'd Hyde ^x,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When ^y first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;

^r Ver. 108—113.

^s George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, stabbed by Felton.

^t Edward Harley, the first earl of Oxford.

^v Thomas Wentworth, earl of Stafford, beheaded 10th May, 1641.

^x Edward Hyde, lord Clarendon, lord chancellor of England.

^y Ver. 114—132.

Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown ;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And ^z Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 'Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

^z There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an
 over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall
 under it.

See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear ^a Lydjat's life, and Galileo's ^b end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes ;
 See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.

^a A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Okerton, near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise, *De Natura Cœli*, and in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle ; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's Bench, until Bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him, by paying his debts. He petitioned king Charles I. to be sent in Ethiopia, to procure MSS. Having spoke in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory, and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months unless he borrowed it. He died very poor in 1646.

^b Galileo, the inventor of the telescope, born February 19, 1564, and died January 8, 1642, N. S. For asserting the truth of the Copernican system he was persecuted by the Jesuits, and confined some years in the Inquisition. By unremitted attention to astronomical pursuits, he impaired his eyesight, and passed the three concluding years of his life in a state of total blindness.

From

From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent ;
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock ;
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep ;
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The ^c festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 'Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On ^d what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide ^e ;

^c Ver. 133—146.

^d Ver. 147—167.

^e Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

A frame of adamant, a fowl of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
 No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold furrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 " Think nothing gain'd, he cries, 'till nought remain,
 " On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 " And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realm of Frost ;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay ;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's ^f day :
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

^f The battle of Poltowa, so fatal to the ambition of Charles the XIIth, was fought 29th June, 1709. From that time to November 1714 the Swedish hero remained in the Turkish dominions an exile from his country ; while his enemies, taking advantage of his absence, possessed themselves of such part of his kingdom as they had any pretensions to claim.

But

But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 * A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All ^h times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord,
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled on his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 'Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ;
 Fresh praise is try'd 'till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 'Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

^E He was shot at the siege of Frederickshall, on the 1st December,
 1718.

^h Ver. 168—187.

The bold Bavarian ⁱ, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness find the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge ^k my life with multitude of days,
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :

ⁱ On the death of Charles VI. emperor of Germany, which happened the 20th of October, 1740, the elector of Bavaria aspired to the Imperial diadem, and procured himself to be elected and crowned. His reign was however short and unsuccessful. The late empress, supported by her allies, overcame every attempt to establish him on the throne ; and in 1745 he died, as is supposed, of a broken heart.

^k Ver. 188—288.

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness Orpheus near,
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions 'till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime :
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend ;
Such age there is ; and who could wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings :
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage ;
'Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?

From Marlborough's¹ eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The^m teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedleyⁿ curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom Joys with soft varieties invite
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latent fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the past defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.

¹ The celebrated John Duke of Marlborough.

^m Sir Charles Sedley, whose daughter, afterwards countess of Dorchester, was mistress to king James II.

ⁿ Ver. 289—345.

The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd ;
 By Int'rest, Prudence ; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distressed,
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where ° then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies ?
 Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which heav'n may hear ; nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :

° Ver. 346—366.

These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.



The TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY.

By EDWARD LOVEYBOND, Esq.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
 And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
 Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
 That sprung spontaneous in the genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
 And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
 With every shifting gleam of morning light
 The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
 A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
 This charms to peace each fullen eastern storm,
 And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.

Onward

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
 The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
 To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
 And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
 Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
 Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite,
 Brush the light dew-drops^a from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's^b wealthy pride
 Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
 Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
 A purer off'ring, at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
 To Valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
 No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
 Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
 Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
 "O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
 "My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cry'd.

^a Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

^b The plate garlands of London.

Ah ! once to fame and bright dominion born,
 The Earth and smiling Ocean saw me rise,
 With time coeval and the star of morn,
 The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heaven's prolific mandate sprung
 The radiant beam of new-created day,
 Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
 Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
 And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung ;
 The sun exulted in his glorious round,
 And shouting planets in their courses fung.

For ever then I led the constant year ;
 Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles ;
 Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
 And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace ally'd,
 Three sister Seasons danc'd th' eternal green ;
 And Spring's retiring softness gently vy'd
 With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings giv'n,
 And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
 With bright Astrea to my native heav'n
 I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage :

Saw burſting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While ſounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands of gold.

Then vaniſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain :
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis ^c ſunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Heſperian ſleep :
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in ſylvan ſcenes I deign'd,
Yet oft deſcending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting maſs ſuſtain'd,
And wak'd her ſlumb'ring atoms into birth.

And every echo caught my raptur'd name,
And every virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the Muſes, crown'd my lofty brows.

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I roſe ador'd ;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty ſtor'd.

^c See Plato.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
 My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
 My choral dances, and victorious games,
 To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
 What purer joys await her gentle reign?
 Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
 And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning funs in ruddier glory rise?
 Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
 Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies?
 Or wantons Plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
 Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
 And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
 Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
 Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
 Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
 When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
 And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
 Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
 The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
 With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
 With blushes, harb'ring in their thin disguise
 The blast that riots on the Spring's increase.

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
 By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern command :
 Ungen'rous Europe, let me fly thy foil,
 And waft my treasures to a grateful land :

Again revive on Asia's drooping shore
 My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain :
 Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
 Embow'ring shades, and Libyan Ammon's fane :

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
 There hush to silence elemental strife;
 Brood o'er the region of eternal Frost,
 And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain—here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
 And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue suppress :
 Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sought relief,
 And tears, and silent anguish told the rest.



SONG FOR RANELAGH.

BY MR. W. WHITEHEAD,

I.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicsome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound :
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex ?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex.

II.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call every art to her aid,
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade.
 But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should nilly attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air.

III. The

III.

The Venus whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal ;
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.

IV.

The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure ;
 O! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts ;
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives.



The BENEDICTE Paraphrased.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK^{*}.

I.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

II.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd th' eternal King;
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

^{*} James Merrick of Trinity College, Oxford. He took the degree of M. A. the 11th of Nov. 1742, and died at Reading the 5th of January 1769. He published a translation of Triphiodorus in 1739, and a version of the Psalms in 1765.

III. Praise

III.

Praise him, ye blest'd ætherial plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne :
Ye waters, that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
Oh! make his praises known !

IV.

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful songs with ours,
With us your voices raise ;
From age to age extend the lay,
To heav'n's eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

V.

Cœlestial orb !—whose pow'rful ray
Opens the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own ;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light, as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

VI.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue ;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter sun
The light he lends to you.

VII. Ye

VII.

Ye show'rs, and dews, whose moisture shed
 Calls into life the op'ning seed,
 To him your praises yield ;
 Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
 And crowns the laughing field.

VIII.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
 The ruffled surface of the deep,
 With us confess your God ;
 See, through the heav'ns, the King of kings,
 Up-borne on your expanded wings,
 Comes flying all abroad.

IX.

Ye floods of fire, where-e'er ye flow,
 With just submission humbly bow
 To his superior pow'r ;
 Who stops the tempest on its way,
 Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
 And gives it strength to roar.

X.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 By turns in long succession roll'd,
 The drooping world to chear ;
 Praise him, who gave the sun and moon,
 To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

XI.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
 Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
 Pursue the heav'nly theme ;
 Praise him, who sheds the driving snow,
 Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.

XII.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly born,
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 Alternate glide away ;
 Praise him, whose never-varying light,
 Absent, adds horror to the night,
 But present gives the day.

XIII.

Light,—from whose rays all beauty springs,
 Darkness—whose wide-expanded wings
 Involve the dusky globe ;
 Praise him, who, when the heav'ns he spread,
 Darkness his thick pavilion made,
 And light his regal robe.

XIV.

Praise him, ye light'nings, as ye fly,
 Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky,
 And red with wrath divine ;
 Praise him, ye clouds, that wand'ring stray,
 Or fix'd by him in close array,
 Surround his awful shrine.

XV. Exalt,

XV.

Exalt, O earth ! thy heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants, that form the spring,
With annual verdure bloom ;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And blest thy fertile womb.

XVI.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod ;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

XVII.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene,
Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamell'd green
In native beauty reign ;
O ! praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

XVIII.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale ;
Praise him, at whose almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

XIX. Praise

XIX.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
 Whose waves the spacious earth furround,
 And roll from shore to shore;
 Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside,
 Ye floods, within your channels glide,
 And tremble and adore.

XX.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
 Or in its dark recesses sleep,
 Remote from human eye;
 Praise him, by whom ye all are fed,
 Praise him, without whose heav'nly aid
 Ye languish, faint, and die.

XXI.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,
 Begin, and with th' important theme
 Your artless lays improve;
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let music sound on every spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.

XXII.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
 Amid the solitary gloom,
 Th' expected prey to seize;
 Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
 Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
 And bend your weary'd knees.

XXIII. Ye

XXIII.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp't his image on your clay,
 And gave it pow'r to move;
 Ye, that in Judah's confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

XXIV.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
 'Till angels listen to the song,
 And bend attentive down:
 Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,
 Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal strain,
 So sweet, so like their own.

XXV.

And you, your thankful voices join,
 That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
 Before his altars kneel;
 Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
 And from the mystic cloud reveals
 The dictates of his will.

XXVI.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, eager for the blest abode,
 To heav'nly mansions soar:
 O! let your songs his praise display,
 'Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more.

XXVII. Praise

XXVII.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain,
The boundless bliss to share;
O! praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

XXVIII.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze:
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.



AN ODE TO FANCY.

BY THE SAME.

FANCY, whose delusions vain
Sport themselves with human brain,
Rival thou of Nature's pow'r,
Canst, from thy exhaustless store,
Bid a tide of sorrow flow,
And whelm the soul in deepest woe:

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N

Or,

Or, in the twinkling of an eye,
 Raife it to mirth and jollity.
 Dreams and shadows by thee stand,
 Taught to run at thy command,
 And along the wanton air
 Flit like empty Goffimer.
 Thee, black Melancholy of yore
 To the swift-wing'd Hermes bore ;
 From the mixture of thy line,
 Different natures in thee join,
 Which thou chuseft to exprefs
 By the variance of thy drefs.
 Now like thy fire thou lov'st to feem,
 Light and gay with pinions trim,
 Dipt in all the dyes that glow
 In the bend of Iris' bow :
 Now like thy mother drear and fad,
 (All in mournful veftments clad,
 Cyprefs weeds and fable fole,)
 Thou rufheft on th' affrighted foul.
 Oft I feel thee coming on,
 When the night hath reach'd her noon,
 And darknefs, partner of her reign,
 Round the world hath bound her chain,
 Then with meafur'd ftep and flow,
 In the church-yard path I go,

And

And while my outward senses sleep,
 Lost in contemplation deep,
 Sudden I stop, and turn my ear,
 And list'ning hear, or think I hear.
 First a dead and fullen sound
 Walks along the holy ground ;
 Then through the gloom alternate break
 Groans, and the shrill screech-owl's shriek.
 Lo ! the moon hath hid her head,
 And the graves give up their dead :
 By me pass the ghastly crowds,
 Wrapt in visionary shrouds ;
 Maids, who died with love forlorn,
 Youths, who fell by maiden's scorn,
 Helpless fires, and matrons old
 Slain for fordid thirst of gold,
 And babes, who owe their shorten'd date
 To cruel step-dames ruthless hate :
 Each their sev'ral errands go,
 To haunt the wretch that wrought their woe :
 From their sight the caitiff flies,
 And his heart within him dies ;
 While a horror damp and chill
 Through his frozen blood doth thrill,
 And his hair for very dread
 Bears itself upon his head.

When the early breath of day
 Hath made the shadows flee away ;
 Still possess'd by thee I rove
 Bosom'd in the shelt'ring grove,
 There, with heart and lyre new strung,
 Meditate the lofty song,
 And if thou my voice inspire,
 And with wonted frenzy fire,
 Aided by thee I build the rhyme,
 Such, as nor the flight of time,
 Nor wasting flame, nor eating show'r,
 Nor lightning's blast can e'er devour.
 Or if chance some moral page
 My attentive thoughts engage,
 On I walk, with silent tread,
 Under the thick-woven shade,
 While the thrush, unheeded by,
 Tunes her artless minstrelsy.
 List'ning to their sacred lore,
 I think on ages long past o'er,
 When Truth and Virtue hand in hand
 Walk'd upon the smiling land.
 Thence my eyes on Britain glance;
 And, awaken'd from my trance,
 While my busy thoughts I rear,
 Oft I wipe the falling tear.

When

When the night again descends,
 And her shadowy cone extends,
 O'er the fields I walk alone,
 By the silence of the moon.
 Hark! upon my left I hear
 Wild music wand'ring in the air;
 Led by the sound I onward creep,
 And through the neighb'ring hedge I peep;
 There I spy the Fairy band
 Dancing on the level land,
 Now with step alternate bound,
 Join'd in one continu'd sound,
 Now their plighted hands unbind,
 And such tangled mazes wind
 As the quick eye can scarce pursue,
 And would have puzzled that fam'd clue,
 Which led th' Athenian's unskill'd feet
 Through the Labyrinth of Crete.
 At the near approach of day,
 Sudden the music dies away,
 Wasting in the sea of air,
 And the phantoms disappear.
 All (as the glow-worm waxes dim)
 Vanish like a morning dream,
 And of their revels leave no trace,
 Save the ring upon the grass.

When the elfin show is fled,
 Home I haste me to my bed ;
 There, if thou with magic wand
 On my temples take thy stand,
 I see in mix'd disorder rise
 All that struck my waking eyes.
 So when I stand and round me gaze,
 Where the fam'd Lodon strays ;
 On the woods and thickets brown,
 That its sedgy margin crown,
 And watch the vagrant clouds that fly
 Through the vast desert of the sky,
 When adown I cast my look
 On the smooth unruffled brook,
 (While its current clear doth run,
 And holds its mirrour to the sun,)
 There I see th' inverted scene
 Fall, and meet the eye again,

The



The MONKIES, a TALE.

By the Same.

WHOE'ER with curious eye has rang'd
 Through Ovid's tales, has seen
 How Jove, incens'd, to monkies chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their prayer;
 But t'other half he bade the wind
 Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread ;
 The tail that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face ;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place,
 (Restoring them their ancient claim)
 Among the human race.

Men with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow ;
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a Beau.



AN EPI T A P H.

By Dr. JOHN JORTIN^a.

QUÆ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, juventâ,
O utinam me crudelia fata vocent ;
Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina solis,
Utque tuus rursum corpore sim posito.

Tu cave Lethæo contingas ora liquore,
Et citò venturi sis memor, oro, viri.
Te sequar obscurum per iter : dux ibit eunti
Fidus amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.

THUS TRANSLATED.

By Mr. MERRICK.

THEE, Pæta, death's relentless hand
Cut off in earliest bloom :
Oh ! had the fates for me ordain'd
To share an equal doom ;

^a Author of the Life of Erasmus and other learned works. He was rector of St. Dunstan's in the East and Kensington, and archdeacon of London. His death happened 5th September, 1770, in the 72d year of his age.

With

With joy this busy world I'd leave,
 This hated light resign,
 To lay me in the peaceful grave,
 And be for ever thine.

Do thou, if Lethe court thy lip,
 To taste its stream forbear :
 Still in thy Soul his image keep,
 Who hastes to meet thee there.

Safe o'er the dark and dreary shore,
 In quest of thee I'll roam ;
 Love with his lamp shall run before,
 And break the circling gloom.



VERSES sent to Dean SWIFT on his Birth-day,
with PINE's HORACE finely bound.

Written by Dr. J. SICAN^a,

[HORACE speaking.]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine ;
But I, who all punctilio's hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation,
And though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian ;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on a common suit,)

^a A physician. He was shot by a ruffian while travelling in his post-chaise, near Naples, about the month of June, 1753.

My

My breeding and my politesse,
 I visit in a birth-day dress ;
 My coat of purest Turkey-red,
 With gold embroid'ry richly spread ;
 To which I've sure as good pretensions,
 As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
 What though proud ministers of state
 Did at your antichamber wait ;
 What though your Oxfords, and your St. John's,
 Have at your levee paid attendance ;
 And Peterborough and great Ormond,
 With many chiefs who now are dormant,
 Have laid aside the gen'ral's staff
 And public cares, with you to laugh ;
 Yet I some friends as good can name,
 Nor less the darling sons of fame ;
 For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
 Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
 Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
 Though they made Lewis beg a parley :
 And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
 I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
 You'll boast perhaps your fav'rite Pope ;
 But Virgil is as good I hope.
 I own indeed I can't get any
 To equal Hellsam and Delany ;
 Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
 A Grecian isle Hippocrates ;

Since Tully liv'd before my time,
 And Galen blest'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps to my request,
 To be admitted as a guest,
 Your hearing's bad—but why such fears?
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
 And for that reason wisely took
 The form you see me in, a book.
 Attack'd, by slow-devouring moths,
 By rage of barb'rous Huns and Goths,
 By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
 By Creech's rhimes and Dunster's prose;
 I found my boasted wit and fire
 In their rude hands almost expire:
 Yet still they but in vain assail'd,
 For, had their violence prevail'd,
 And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
 They would have partly miss'd their aim;
 Since all my spirit in thy page
 Defies the Vandals of this age.
 'Tis yours to save these small remains
 From future pedants muddy brains,
 And fix my long-uncertain fate,
 You best know how,—which way?—translate.



VERSES written in a GARDEN.

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

SEE how that pair of billing doves
 With open murmurs own their loves ;
 And, heedless of censorious eyes,
 Pursue their unpolluted joys :
 No fears of future want molest
 The downy quiet of their nest ;
 No int'rest join'd the happy pair,
 Securely blest in Nature's care,
 While her dear dictates they pursue :
 For constancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,
 Our maxims, our religious rules,
 Can learning to our lives ensure
 Virtue so bright, or bliss so pure ?
 The great Creator's happy ends,
 Virtue and pleasure ever blends :
 In vain the church and court have try'd
 Th' united essence to divide ;
 Alike they find their wild mistake,
 The pedant priest, and giddy rake.



A N

ANSWER to a LOVE-LETTER.

By the SAME.

IS it to me, this sad lamenting strain :
 Are heaven's choicest gifts bestow'd in vain ?
 A plenteous fortune, and a beauteous bride,
 Your love rewarded, gratify'd your pride :
 Yet leaving her—'tis me that you pursue
 Without one single charm, but being new.
 How vile is man ! how I detest their ways
 Of artful falshood, and designing praise !
 Tasteless, an easy happiness you flight,
 Ruin your joy, and mischief your delight,
 Why should poor pug (the mimic of your kind)
 Wear a rough chain, and be to box confin'd ?
 Some cup, perhaps, he breaks, or tears a fan,—
 While roves unpunish'd the destroyer, man.
 Not bound by vows, and unrestrain'd by shame,
 In sport you break the heart, and rend the fame.
 Not that your art can be successful here,
 Th' already plunder'd need no robber fear :

Nor

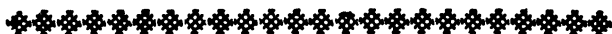
Nor sighs, nor charms, nor flatteries can move;
 Too well secur'd against a second love.
 Once, and but once, that devil charm'd my mind;
 To reason deaf, to observation blind;
 I idly hop'd (what cannot love persuade!)
 My fondness equal'd, and my love repay'd;
 Slow to distrust, and willing to believe,
 Long hush'd my doubts, and did myself deceive:
 But oh! too soon—this tale would ever last;
 Sleep, sleep, my wrongs, and let me think 'em past.
 For you, who mourn with counterfeited grief,
 And ask so boldly like a begging thief,
 May soon some other nymph inflict the pain;
 You know so well with cruel art to feign!
 Though long you sported have with Cupid's dart,
 You may see eyes, and you may feel a heart.
 So the brisk wits, who stop the evening coach,
 Laugh at the fear that follows their approach;
 With idle mirth, and haughty scorn despise
 The passenger's pale cheek, and staring eyes;
 But, seiz'd by Justice, find a fright no jest,
 And all the terror doubled in their breast.



In Answer to a L A D Y who advised
R E T I R E M E N T.

BY THE SAME.

YOU little know the heart that you advise;
I view this various scene with equal eyes:
In crowded courts I find myself alone,
And pay my worship to a nobler throne.
Long since the value of this world I know,
Pity the madness, and despise the show.
Well as I can my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my dismissal without fear.
Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise;
And, unconcern'd, my future state I trust
To that sole Being, merciful and just.



Address of the STATUES at STOWE,

TO LORD COBHAM,

ON HIS RETURN TO HIS GARDENS.

FROM every Muse and every art thy own,
Thy bow'rs our theatres, thy mind our throne !
Hail ! to thy virtues manumiz'd from state ;
Hail ! to thy leisure to be wisely great.

Fetter'd by duties and to forms enslav'd,
How timely have thy years a remnant sav'd !
To taste that freedom which thy sword maintain'd,
And lead in letter'd ease, a life unpain'd :
So Scipio (Carthage fall'n) resign'd his plume,
And smil'd at the forgetfulness of Rome.
O greatly blest'st ! whose evening sweetest shines,
And in unclouded slowness, calm declines !
While free reflection with reverted eye,
Wan'd from hot noon-tide and a troubled sky,
Divides life well : the largest part, long known
Thy country's claim ; the last and best thy own.

Here while detach'd, thy self-supported soul
 Resumes dominion, and escapes controul ;
 Moves with a grandeur, monarchs wish in vain,
 Above all fears, storms, dangers, hopes or pain ;
 A glance sometimes from thy safe summit throw,
 And see the dusty world look dim below :
 Through the dark throng discern huge slaves of pride
 Should'ring unheeded Happiness aside ;
 Thwarted and push'd and lab'ring into name,
 And dignify'd with all the dirt of fame ;
 Then with a smile superior turn away,
 And lop th' exub'rance of some straggling spray ;
 Wind through thy mazes to serene delight,
 And from the bursting bubbles shade thy sight.
 Yet where thou shin'st, like heaven behind a cloud,
 Moving like light, all piercing, though not loud ;
 The Muse shall find thee in thy blest retreat,
 And breathe this honest wish at Cobham's feet :
 Fresh as thy lakes, may all thy pleasures flow !
 And breezy like thy groves, thy passions blow !
 Wide as thy fancy, be thy spreading praise !
 And long and lovely as thy walks, thy days !

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O D E
ON THE
DEATH of Mr. PELHAM.

By Mr. GARRICK.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

LET others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night ;
Whose rays benignant bless'd this isle,
Made peaceful Nature round us smile
With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,
No future prospects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow ;
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,
My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's woe.

* Henry Pelham, Esq; brother to the duke of Newcastle, at the time of his death first commissioner, chancellor, and under-treasurer of the Exchequer.

See

See—as you pass the crowded street,
 Despondence clouds each face you meet,
 All their lost friend deplore :
 You read in every pensive eye,
 You hear in every broken sigh,
 That Pelham is no more.

If thus each Briton be alarm'd,
 Whom but his distant influence warm'd,
 What grief their breasts must rend,
 Who in his private virtues blest'd,
 By Nature's dearest ties possess'd
 The Husband, Father, Friend !

What ! mute, ye bards ?—no mournful verse,
 No chaplets to adorn his hearse,
 To crown the good and just ?
 Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,
 You seek no pensions from the tomb,
 No laurels from the dust.

When pow'r departed with his breath,
 The sons of Flattery fled from death :
 Such insects swarm at noon.
 Not for herself my Muse is griev'd,
 She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd,
 One ministerial boon.

Hath some peculiar strange offence
 Against us arm'd Omnipotence,
 To check the nation's pride ?
 Behold th' appointed punishment !
 At length the vengeful bolt is sent,
 It fell—when Pelham dy'd !

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,
 When Vice triumphant rears her head,
 Vengeance can sleep no more :
 The evil angel stalks at large,
 The good submits, resigns his charge,
 And quits th' unhallow'd shore.

The same sad morn^b to church and state,
 (So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
 A double stroke was giv'n ;
 Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
 St. John's fell Genius issu'd forth,
 And Pelham fled to heav'n !

By angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs
 Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours,
 Nor guilt nor pain they knew ;
 But on the day which usher'd in
 The hell-born train of mortal sin,
 Thy heav'nly guards withdrew.

^b The 6th of March, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the works of a late Lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

Look down, much honour'd shade, below,
 Still let thy pity aid our woe ;
 Stretch out thy healing hand ;
 Resume those feelings, which on earth
 Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
 And sav'd a sinking land.

Search with thy more than mortal eye
 The breasts of all thy friends : descry
 What there has got possession.
 See if thy unsuspecting heart,
 In some for truth mistook not art,
 For principle, profession.

For these, the pests of human kind,
 Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
 Protect our parent King :
 Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,
 Drag forth the vipers into light,
 And crush them ere they sting.

If such his trust and honours share,
 Again exert thy guardian care,
 Each venom'd heart disclose ;
 On Him, on Him, our all depends,
 Oh save him from his treach'rous friends,
 He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er shall at the helm preside,
 Still let thy prudence be his guide,
 To stem the troubled wave ;
 But chiefly whisper in his ear,
 " That GEORGE is open, just, sincere,
 " And dares to scorn a knave."

No selfish views t' oppress mankind,
 No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
 To purchase fame with blood ;
 Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat ;
 Convinc'd that to be truly great,
 Is only to be good.

To hear no lawless passion's call,
 To serve thy King, yet feel for all,
 Such was thy glorious plan !
 Wisdom with gen'rous love took part,
 Together work thy head and heart,
 The Minister and Man.

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth ;
 Strangle bold faction in its birth ;
 Be Britain's weal your view !
 For this great end let all combine,
 Let virtue link each fair design,
 And Pelham live in you.



V E R S E S

Written at MONTAUBAN in FRANCE, 1750.

By the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH WARTON.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
 But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
 In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide
 With luscious grapes yon' hill's romantic side;
 No cups nectareous shall their toils repay,
 The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's prey:
 Vain glows this sun in cloudless glory dress'd,
 That strikes fresh vigour through the pining breast;
 Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
 My soul's best, only pleasure, LIBERTY!
 What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood*
 When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—"Blood!"
 Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
 That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
 Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling see
 Dire superstition quench humanity!

* Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the Southern provinces of France.

By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost ;
 By wise and virtuous ALFRED's awful ghost ;
 By old GALGACUS' scythed, iron car,
 That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
 Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign throngs ;
 By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs ;
 By fierce BONDUCA's shield, and foaming steeds ;
 By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads ;
 By the fifth HENRY's helm, and lightning spear ;
 O LIBERTY, my warm petition hear ;
 Be ALBION still thy joy ! with her remain,
 Long as the furge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain !



THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN fierce PISARRO's legions flew
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
 Old India's awful Genius rose.
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
 And heard a thousand nations groan;
 For grief his feathery crown he tore,
 To see huge PLATA foam with gore;
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
 To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
 O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
 Plunderers, proceed! my bowels tear,
 But ye shall meet destruction there;
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 Th' insatiate fiend, pale Av'rice!
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
 I see all Europe's children curst
 With lucre's universal thirst:
 The rage that sweeps my sons away,
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

THE



THE DYING INDIAN. BY THE SAME.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
 In double poison—I shall soon arrive
 At the blest island, where no tigers spring
 On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
 Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
 Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
 Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
 Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my son,
 I feel the venom busy in my breast:
 Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
 Of that bold christian who first dar'd devour
 The virgins of the sun; and, dire to tell!
 Robb'd PACHACAMAC's altar of its gems!
 I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,
 And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
 And tore his carcase from the earth, and left it
 A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
 With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns
 Thy'much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
 Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
 Cherish her age. Tell her I ne'er have worship'd
 With those that eat their God. And when disease
 Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
 With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
 Like christian cowards, in a life of pain.
 I go! great COPAC beckons me! farewell!

O D E



ODE OCCASIONED BY READING MR. WEST'S
TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
The sounds that echoed on Alphéus' streams
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming courfers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping Art,
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to fit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

^a See 2 Olym. Od.

I. 3. Away,

I. 3.

Away, enervate bards, away,
 Who spin the courtly, filken lay,
^b As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
 Or mourn some soft Adonis dead :
 No more your polish'd lyrics boast,
 In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost :
 As well might ye compare
 The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
 (Emblem of verse correctly tame)
^c To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
 When to heav'n's vault the fiery deluge raves,
 When clouds and burning rocks dart thro' the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd steep
 Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps !
 Monarch of mighty floods ! supremely strong,
 Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
 Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows :
 Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
 Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
 Where still the naked Indian roves,
 And safely builds his leafy bow'r,
 From slavery far, and curst Iberian pow'r ;

^b Alluding to the French and Italian lyric poets.

^c See 1 Pyth. Od.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
 Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire !
 O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
 The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze ;
 And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
 Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast ;
 And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
 Whose foul amaze and horror wring ;
 Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
 The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind !

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child^d,
 On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
 Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
 For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
 Seeks not in fighting fields renown :
 No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
 The peaceful poet please ;
 Nor ceaseless toils for fordid gains,
 Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
 Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's schemes,
 Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feverish dreams,
 Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

^d Hor. Od. 3. l. 4.



T H E
P L E A S U R E S o f M E L A N C H O L Y ,

Written in the Year 1745.

B Y M R. T H O M A S W A R T O N .

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
 Of Teneriff: 'mid the tempestuous night,
 On which, in calmest meditation held,
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
 And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
 Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
 Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
 Raptur'd thou sit'st, while murmurs indistinct
 Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear
 With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
 Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
 Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
 O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
 Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,

To

To ruin'd seats, or twilight cells and bow'rs,
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
 Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
 Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
 Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
 In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r
 Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
 Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze;
 Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
 Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
 Where through some western window the pale moon
 Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
 While fullen sacred silence reigns around,
 Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
 Amid the mould'ring caverns, dark and damp,
 Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
 Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
 Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
 Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
 The cloyster'd brother : through the gloomy void
 That far extends beneath their ample arch
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
 'Mid hollow charnels let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
 O'er the wax-heaps; while airy voices talk

Along the glimm'ring walls : or ghostly shape,
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
 My lonesome steps through the far-winding vaults.
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
 Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
 I start : lo, all is motionless around !
 Roars not the rushing wind ; the sons of men
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
 O then how fearful is it to reflect,
 That through the still globe's awful solitude
 No being wakes but me ! still stealing sleep,
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
 My senses lead through flowery paths of joy ;
 But let the sacred Genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
 When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
 To the fell house of Busyrane he led
 Th' unshaken Britomart ; or Milton knew,
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
 All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
 Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles,
 As, list'ning to the distant water-fall,
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west ;
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
 Then, when the fallen shades of ev'ning close,

Where through the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
 The dying embers scatter, far remote
 From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumin'd roof
 Resound with festive echo; let me sit,
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
 Then let my thought contemplative explore
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
 As through the wilderness of life we rove.
 This sober hour of silence will unmask
 False Folly's smiles, that like the dazzling spells
 Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
 With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
 That charmed cup; which Reason's mintage fair
 Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
 Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
 Forget the pois'nous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
 From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
 Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
 Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
 Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
 More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
 Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
 Or through the pillar'd ile, amid pale shrines
 Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
 Mus'd a veil'd votaress, than Flavia feels,

As through the mazes of the festive ball,
 Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
 She floats amid the filken fons of drefs,
 And shines the fairest of th' affembled fair.

When azure noon-tide cheers the dædal globe,
 And the blest regent of the golden day
 Rejoices in his bright meridian bow'r,
 How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
 That best befriends the melancholy mind !
 Hail, sacred Night ! thou too shalt share my song !
 Sister of ebony-scepter'd Hecat, hail !
 Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
 Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
 Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail !
 What though beneath thy gloom the forcecrefs-train,
 Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
 With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless ;
 Though Murder wan, beneath thy shrouding shade,
 Summons her flow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
 Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
 In hideous conf'rence sits the listening band,
 And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound ;
 What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
 As all benighted in Arabian wastes
 He hears the wilderness around him howl
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
 The black descending tempest ceaseless beats ;
 Yet more delightful to my pensive mind

Is thy return; than bloomy morn's approach,
 Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
 When from the portals of the saffron east
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
 Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
 While through the damp air scowls the louring south,
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim :
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
 Hail not the sulen gloom; the waving elms
 That hoar through time, and, rang'd in thick array,
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs ;
 While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
 A mournful train; secure the village hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm ;
 Fix'd in th' unfinished furrow rests the plough :
 Rings not the high wood with enliv'ning shouts
 Of early hunter : all is silence dear ;
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's soft song though all the Graces breathe,
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page ;
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
 As at the foot of mossy trunk reclin'd,
 In magic SPENSER's wildy-warbled song
 I see deserted UNA wander wide

Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths;
 Weary, forlorn; than when the ^c fated fair,
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
 The gay description palls upon the sense,
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye Youths of Albion's beauty-blooming ile,
 Whose brows have worn the wreaths of luckless love,
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
 Whose magic wont to sooth your soften'd souls?
 O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
 To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
 Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
 And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
 By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
 Oft interrupted; in embowering woods
 By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
 The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
 And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
 The water's murmur'ing lapse, th' entranced eye
 Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
 Of thick-rang'd trees; 'till haply from the depth
 The woodman's stroke, or distant-tinkling team,
 Or heifer rustling through the brake alarms,
 Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream,

^c Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.

These

These are delights that absence drear has made
 Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
 Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
 When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
 By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
 Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
 Issues to cloath in gladfome-glitt'ring green
 The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight :
 These are delights unknown to minds profane,
 And which alone the pensive soul can taste.
 The taper'd choir, at the late hour of prayer,
 Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
 The many-sounding organ peals on high
 The clear slow-dittyed chaunt, or varied hymn,
 'Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,
 And lap'd in Paradise. Or let me fit
 Far in sequester'd ile of the deep dome,
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
 Which as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
 Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
 And solitude returns, would I forsake
 The solemn mansion, but attentive hear
 The due clock-swinging flow with sweepy sway,
 Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
 With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
 Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,

Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
 Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
 Her joys incestuous, and polluted love :
 Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
 Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
 His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught ;
 Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look,
 Nor seldom let the Moor of Desdemone
 Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage,
 By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
 From my swollen eyes ; and at a brother's woe
 My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
 Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?
 To me far happier seems the banish'd Lord
 Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
 Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
 Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
 In distant ken discover trackless plains,
 Where Winter ever whirls his icy car ;
 Where still-repeated objects of his view,
 The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires
 That crown the solitary dome, arise ;
 While from the topmast turret the slow clock,
 Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
 With sad-returning chime awakes new grief ;
 Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
 The potent Satrap, whom he left behind

'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drowse
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart,
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile ! here balmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts ; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple stores, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glitt'ring Athens tow'rs.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades ; though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendors on th' empurpled scene ;
Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain,
Unbounded waste ! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds ;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.

Here

Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
 Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,
 Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass :
 Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
 From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.
 Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
 Of sunk magnificence ! a blended scene
 Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
 Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought !
 O come with faintly look, and stedfast step,
 From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
 Where to the distant curfew's solemn sound
 List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
 Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
 But never let Euphrósyne beguile
 With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
 Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
 Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
 Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view ;
 Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
 And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
 With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast ;
 What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
 And at her presence mild th' embattel'd clouds
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
 New day diffusive gleam at her approach ;
 Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives

Than

Than all her witless revels happier far;

These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!

From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,

With thee shall end, for thou art fairer far

Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;

To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought;

Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs.

Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,

Once in his ev'ning-walk a Druid found,

Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;

And piteous bore with hospitable hand

To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.

There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn

Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;

For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie

Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar

Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old,

That lov'd his hallow'd haunt with dashing wave.



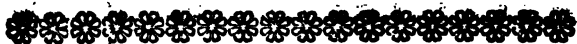
A S O N N E T;
 WRITTEN AT WYNSLADE.

IN THE ABSENCE OF —

By the Same.

WYNSLADE, thy beechen slopes with waving grain
 Border'd, thine azure views of wood and lawn,
 Whilom could charm, or when the joyous Dawn
 'Gan Night's dun robe with flashing purple stain,
 Or Evening drove to fold her woolly train;
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn;
 Too free with fervid courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the Buskin's stately strain;
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn
 Nor prospects charm, since HE far-distant strays
 With whom I trac'd their sweets each eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
 In this alone they please, how'er forlorn,
 That still they can recall those happier days.

On



On B A T H I N G.

A S O N N E T.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
 Fair HEALTH, a Dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Rejoic'd to rove 'mid the bleak sylvan scene,
 On airy uplands caught the fragrant gale,
 And ere fresh morn the low-couch'd lark did hail
 Watching the sound of earliest horn was seen.
 But since gay Summer, thron'd in chariot sheen,
 Is come to scorch each primrose-sprinkled dale,
 She chooseth that delightful cave beneath
 The crystal treasures of meek Isis' stream;
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedge wreath
 She fits amid the quire of Naiads trim.



TO L A D Y H E R V E Y^a.

By Mr. de V O L T A I R E.

HERVEY, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?

Trifling is the inclination,

That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,

True love is by silence known;

In my eyes you'll best discover

All the power of your own.

^a Mary, daughter to Brigadier-General Nicholas Le Pel. She married the 25th of October, 1720, John, afterwards Lord Hervey, eldest son to the Earl of Bristol, who died in the life-time of his father. Of this lady, Lord Chesterfield writing to his son says, "She has been all her life at courts; of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have; and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has, *le ton de la perfection* "bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes et le je ne sais quoi qui plaît." She died September 2, 1768.



ON SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S Birth-day,
AUGUST the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. DODINGTON^a, afterwards Lord
MELCOMBE.

ALL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn ;
While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys
The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise :
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
His soul capacious, yet his judgement clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere :
His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,
And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.
August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,
Thou fairest daughter of the various year!

^a George Bubb, Esq; who, on the death of George Dodington, of
Sunwill, in Dorsetshire, succeeded to his estate, and thereupon assumed
his name. He was frequently employed in negotiations abroad, and
held several lucrative and honourable posts under government. On the
3d of April, 1761, he was created a peer by the title of Baron Mel-
combe, and died July. 28, 1762.

On thee the sun with all his ardor glows,
 On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows;
 The greatest Prince, the foremost son of fame;
 To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name;
 Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,
 Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose:
 By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
 The Sun and Cæsar but prepar'd this day.



THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE:

Written in the Year 1744.

By Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE*, Knt.

AS, by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forsakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
 An endless exile from his home;

Pensive

* This accomplished lawyer was born in Cheapside, 10th of July, 1723, and was the youngest son of Mr. Charles Blackstone, who carried on the business of a silkman. At the age of seven years he was put to school at the Charter-house, and in 1735 admitted on the foundation there by the nomination of Sir Robert Walpole. On the 30th of November, 1738, he was entered a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, was matriculated the next day, and in February following elected

Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;

to one of Lady Holford's exhibitions for Charter-house scholars. Determining to make choice of the law for his profession, he entered himself in the Middle Temple the 20th of November, 1741. In November, 1743, he was elected into the society of All Souls College. On the 12th of June, 1745, he commenced Bachelor of the Civil Law; and on the 28th of November, 1748, was called to the bar. He proceeded, 26th of April, 1750, Doctor of Civil Law; and having attended the courts at Westminster with little success, he in 1753 determined to retire to an academical life. He accordingly, in Michaelmas Term that year, began to read lectures on the laws of England at Oxford. On the 22d of October, 1758, he was unanimously elected Vinerian Professor of the Common Law at that university. In the succeeding year he returned to the practice of his profession in London; and in Michaelmas Term resumed his attendance at Westminster, where his merit was now both known and rewarded. On the 28th of July, 1761, he was appointed principal of New Inn Hall; and on the establishment of the Queen's family was named Solicitor General to her Majesty. In 1766 he resigned his posts in the university of Oxford; and on the 9th of February, 1770, was nominated a Judge in the Common Pleas; but, to accommodate Sir Joseph Yates, consented to accept a seat in the Court of King's Bench, from whence he was soon removed to the place of his original destination. From this period to the time of his death he devoted his attention to the service of the public, and the duties of domestic life. About Christmas, 1779, he was seized with a violent shortness of breath, from which he in some measure recovered; but the disorder returning with fresh vigour, it brought on a drowsiness and stupor, which put an end to his life, on the 14th of February, 1780, in the 36th year of his age.

'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eyes below;
 There, melting at the well-known view,
 Drops a last tear, and bids adieu :

So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
 Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,
 Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
 Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
 Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
 How blithsome were we wont to rove
 By verdant hill, or shady grove,
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
 Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
 And aged elms with awful bend
 In long cathedral walks extend !
 Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
 Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
 In sweet society with thee !

Then all was joyous, all was young,
 And years unheeded roll'd along :
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
 These scenes must charm me now no more :
 Lost to the field, and torn from you,—
 Farewel!—a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,
 To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw;
 There selfish Faction rules the day,
 And Pride and Av'rice throug the way:
 Diseases taint the murky air,
 And midnight conflagrations glare;
 Loose Revelry and Riot bold
 In frightened streets their orgies hold;
 Or, when in silence all is drown'd,
 Fell Murder walks her lonely round:
 No room for Peace, no room for you,
 Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
 Instead of these, a formal band
 In furs and coifs around me stand;
 With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
 And points with tott'ring hand the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,
 Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat,
 There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
 She keeps the wond'ring world in awe,

And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,
Like eastern queens, is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid !
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
(Th' united boast of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years)
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right ;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end ;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !

Thus though my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage retirement loves to dwell !
 There let me taste the home-felt bliss
 Of innocence, and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe ;
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe ;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear ;
 My honour and my conscience clear ;
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend.



By Miss COWPER^a (now Mrs. MADAN) in her
^b Brother's COKE upon LITTLETON.

O Thou, who labour'st in this rugged mine,
 May'st thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine !
 May each dark page unfold its haggard brow !
 Doubt not to reap, if thou canst bear to plough.
 To tempt thy care, may, each revolving night,
 Purfes and maces swim before thy sight !

^a Daughter to Spencer Cowper, Esq; one of the Judges of the Common Pleas.

^b Ashley Cowper, Esq; Clerk of the House of Lords.

From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed !
 May'st thou essay, to look and speak like Mead.
 When the black bag and rose no more shall shade
 With martial air the honours of thy head ;
 When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,
 And only leave to view thy learned nose :
 Safely may'st thou defy beaux, wits, and scoffers ;
 While tenants, in fee simple, stuff thy coffers.



S O L I T U D E.

An O D E.

By Dr. GRAINGER*,

I.

O Solitude, romantic maid,
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,

* Dr. James Grainger, translator of Tibullus, and author of a poem called *The Sugar Cane*, 4to. 1764. He died at Basseterre, in the island of St. Christopher, December 16, 1767.

Or at the purple dawn of day,
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey^b;
 You, Recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

II.

Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
 Folly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
 Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
 Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
 Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
 Intrusion with a fopling's face
 (Ignorant of time and place),
 Sparks of fire Dissention blowing,
 Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
 Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
 Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,
 Ambition's buskins steep'd in blood,
 Fly thy presence, Solitude.

III.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
 Conscious Virtue void of fears,
 Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
 Meditation's piercing eye,

^b Alluding to the account of Palmyra, published by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins, and the manner in which they were struck at the sight of these magnificent ruins by break of day.

Halcyon Peace on moss reclin'd,
 Retrospect that scans the mind;
 Rapt earth-gazing Rensley,
 Blushing artless Modesty,
 Health that snuffs the morning air,
 Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
 Inspiration, Nature's child,
 Seek the solitary wild:

TV.

You with the tragic Muse retir'd
 The wise Euripides inspir'd,
 You taught the sadly-pleasing air
 That Athens sav'd from ruins bare:
 You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
 And unlock'd the springs of woe;
 You penn'd what exil'd Naso thought,
 And pour'd the melancholy note.
 With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
 When Death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid;
 You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
 You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
 And late in Hagley you were seen,
 With blood-shot eyes, and sombre mien,

† In the island of Salamis.

* See Plutarch in the life of Lyfander.

• Simonides.

f Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.

g Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.

Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
 And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
 But chief your own the solemn lay
 That wept Narcissa young and gay,
 Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
 While you touch'd the mournful string,
 Anguish left the pathless wild,
 Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd,
 Drowfy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
 The starry host put back the dawn,
 Aside their harps ev'n Seraphs flung
 To hear the sweet Complaint, O Young^b.

V.

When all Nature's hush'd asleep,
 Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
 Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
 And wander o'er the works of men.
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
 By her dappled courfers drawn,
 Again you to the wild retreat
 And the early huntsman meet,
 Where as you pensive pace along,
 You catch the distant shepherd's song,
 Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
 Or the rising primrose view.
 Devotion lends her heav'n-plum'd wings,
 You mount, and Nature with you sings.

^b Night Thoughts.

But

But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.

'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

VI.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

VII.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your Sibyl grot repair,

On

On yon hanging cliff it stands
 Scoop'd by Nature's salvage hands,
 Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
 Of cypress, not with age decay'd.
 Where the owl still-hooting sits,
 Where the bat incessant flits,
 There in loftier strains I'll sing
 Whence the changing seasons spring,
 Tell how storms deform the skies,
 Whence the waves subside and rise,
 Trace the comet's blazing tail,
 Weigh the planets in a scale;
 Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
 The boundless microcosm's thine.

VIII.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade,
 That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
 It beckons me!—vain fears, adieu,
 Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
 Ah me! too well that gait I know,
 My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
 Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
 Quick let me staunch the vital flood.
 O spirit, whither art thou flown?
 Why left me comfortless alone?
 O Solitude, on me bestow
 The heart-felt harmony of woe,

Such,

Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet † Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore:
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than * Bion was, thou wert.

IX.

O goddess of the tearful eye †,
The never-ceasing stream supply.
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe,
O'er Friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted iles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy-garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown;

† See Idyll.

* Alluding to the death of a friend.

† Dr. Grainger has here evidently borrowed from Dr. Warton's Ode to Fancy, which was published several years before the present poem. See vol. iii. p. 116, "Goddess of the tearful eye," &c.

Her

Her right-hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace ;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.

O goddess of the desert, hail !

And softer blow, thou western gale !

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,

And disappointment seems entail'd ;

Since all on earth I valued most,

My guide, my stay, my friend is lost ;

You, only you, can make me blest,

And hush the tempest in my breast.

Then gently deign to guide my feet

To your hermit-trodden seat,

Where I may live at last my own,

Where I at last may die unknown.

I spoke, she twin'd her magic ray,

And thus she said, or seem'd to say :

Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find

In shades a medicine for a troubled mind ;

Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,

Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,

There pale inaction pines his life away,

And, satiate, curses the return of day :

There naked Frenzy laughing wild with pain,

Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main :

There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,

And yells of dæmons in the Zephyr hears.

But

But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
 And bid to social life a last farewell ;
 'Tis impious—
 God never made an independent man,
 'Twould jar the concord of his general plan :
 See every part of that stupendous whole,
 " Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;"
 To one great end, the general good, conspire,
 From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.
 Should man through Nature solitary roam,
 His will his sovereign, every where his home,
 What force would guard him from the lion's jaw ?
 What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw ?
 Or should Fate lead him to some safer shore,
 Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar ;
 Where liberal Nature all her charms bestows,
 Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
 Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the shore,
 Absolve the care of Heav'n, nor ask for more ?
 Tho' waters flow'd, flowers bloom'd, and Phoebus shone,
 He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
 For know, the Maker on the human breast
 A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest ;
 And social life to better, aid, adorn,
 With proper faculties each mortal's born.
 Though Nature's works the ruling mind declare,
 And well deserve enquiry's serious care,

The

The God (whate'er Misanthropy may say)
 Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
 What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole,
 Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
 What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam,
 If thou, O man, a stranger art at home?
 Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
 The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.
 Hence Inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
 Hence Homer's crown; and, Shakspeare, hence thy bays.
 Hence he, the pride of Athens, and the shame,
 The best and wisest of mankind became.
 Nor study only, practise what you know,
 Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
 With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine:
 Those who in study should in practice shine.
 Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's shade^m,
 Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
 As when, arouz'd, he stems Corruption's course,
 And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
 When Freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
 Then public Virtue might to shades retreat;
 But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
 And Freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee,
 Though man's ungrateful, or though Fortune frown;
 Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?

^m Lord Lyttelton.

Nor yet unrecompens'd are Virtue's pains,
 Good Allen^a lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
 On each condition disappointments wait,
 Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
 Nor dare rapine, though early Friendship bleed,
 From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
 But know, Adversity's the child of God ;
 Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.
 When smooth old Ocean and each storm's asleep,
 Then Ignorance may plough the watery deep ;
 But when the dæmons of the tempest rave,
 Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
 ° Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow ?
 Who would not wish[†] Anytus for a foe ?
 Intrepid Virtue triumphs over Fate,
 The good can never be unfortunate.
 And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
 The height of virtue is to serve mankind.

But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
 When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
 Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
 Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,
 Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
 Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

^a Ralph Allen, Esq; of Prior Park.

° Algernon Sidney, beheaded at Tower-hill, 7th December, 1683.

† One of the accusers of Socrates.



A N O D E

To the Right Honourable

STEPHEN POYNTZ, Esq; &c. &c.

By the Honourable

Sir CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS*, Knt. of the Bath.

Senſere quid mens rite, quid indoles

Nutrita ſanctis ſub penetralibus

Poſſet—————

Doctrina ſed vin promovet inſitam,

Reſtique cultus peſtora roborant.

Hor. Lib. IV. Od. 4.

I.

WHILST William's deeds and William's praiſe

Each Engliſh breſt with tranſport raiſe,

Each Engliſh tongue employ;

Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart

Aſſumes not a ſuperior part,

A larger ſhare of joy?

II. But

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams was the ſecond ſon of John Hanbury, Eſq; a South Sea director. In 1735 he was choſen member for Vol. IV. R the

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
 Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
 You should renew your flight;
 You only should this theme pursue—
 Who can for William feel like you?
 Or who like you can write?

III.

Then to rehearse the Hero's praise,
 To paint this sunshine of his days,
 The pleasing task be mine—
 To think on all thy cares o'erpaid,
 To view the Hero you have made,
 That pleasing part be thine.

the county of Monmouth, and was re-elected in 1739, on being appointed paymaster of the marine regiments, and again at the general election in 1741. On the 20th of October, 1744, he was installed a Knight of the Bath, and in 1746 appointed minister to the court of Berlin. He continued in that situation until the 9th of May, 1749, when he was named envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the same court. In 1754 he represented the borough of Leominster, and about that time went ambassador to the court of Russia. He acquitted himself in his several employments abroad with considerable abilities; but falling into an ill state of health, he returned to England, and died the 2d of November, 1759.

IV. Who

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
 This youthful Prince's various worth,
 You had the public voice;
 Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
 To you the culture of his mind,
 And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
 By martial deeds of courage shewn :
 From this, near Mona's^b flood,
 By his victorious Father led,
 He sheath'd his maiden sword, he shed,
 And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
 What happiness and glory fraught,
 How her unshaken power
 Is independent of success;
 That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more.

^b The river Mayne, near Dettingen, where George the Second engaged the French in person, 17th of June, 1743. At this battle the Duke of Cumberland gave signal proofs of his valour, conduct, and intrepidity.

VII.

This, after Tournay's^c fatal day,
'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure relief ;
He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
Found Virtue had perform'd her part,
 And peaceful slept the Chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
The Patriot's warmth for England's weal
 (True Valour's noblest spring) ;
To vindicate her Church distressed ;
To fight for Liberty oppress'd ;
 To perish for his King.

IX.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope
 That bounteous heaven so soon
Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
Consenting bend to every prayer,
 And all thy wishes crown'd

^c The battle of Tournay, fought 30th of April, 1745. In this engagement the Duke of Cumberland commanded in chief against Marshal Saxe.

X.

We saw a wretch, with trait'rous aid,
Our King's and Church's rights invade:
And thine, fair Liberty!
We saw thy Hero fly to war,
Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
And set the nation free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
My rapture, vision, and my dream,
Gilds the young Hero's days:
Yet can there be one English heart
That does not give thee, Poyhtz, thy part,
And own thy share of praise?

XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
For life's short date: when William's head,
For victories to come,
The frequent laurel shall receive;
Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
And hang 'em on thy tomb.



O D E on the Death of MATZEL, a favourite
Bull-finch, address'd to Mr. STANHOPE^a, to whom
the Author had given the Reversion of it when he
left Dresden.

BY THE SAME.

I.

TRY not, my STANHOPE, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more ; ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier ;
Let every sorrow be express'd,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

^a Philip Stanhope, Esq; natural son to the Earl of Chesterfield.

III. In

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way ;
On pains and tortures I'll refine ;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse :
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lefbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming, and most fair,
Of all th' Elysian glades.

VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love ;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain.

VII.

'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love ;
While each attendant soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.



MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. VI. Ep. 34. Imitated.

BY THE SAME.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter fure never girl gave :
But why in the midst of my blisses
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure :
Then pr'ythee, my charmer, be kind ;
For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;

Go

Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how many sands on the shore ;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 To a heart which, dear Chloc, is thine ;
 With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is ?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses
 With few will be ever content.



THE PROGRESS of DISCONTENT.

A P O E M.

Written at Oxford in the Year 1746.

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
 And thus in form of humble suitor,
 Bowing, accosts a reverend tutor :
 “ Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
 “ And this my eldest son of nine ;

I

“ My

" My wife's ambition and my own
 " Was that this child should wear a gown :
 " I'll warrant that his good behaviour
 " Will justify your future favour :
 " And for his parts, to tell the truth,
 " My son's a very forward youth ;
 " Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
 " And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
 " If you'd examine—and admit him,
 " A scholarship would nicely fit him :
 " That he succeeds 'tis ten to one ;
 " Your vote and interest, Sir !" — 'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
 Are with a scholarship compleated :
 A scholarship but half maintains,
 And college rules are heavy chains :
 In garret dark he smokes and puns,
 A prey to discipline and duns ;
 And now, intent on new designs,
 Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
 That utmost wish is crown'd at last :
 But the rich prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot :
 " These fellowships are pretty things,
 " We live indeed like petty kings :
 " But who can bear to waste his whole age
 " Amid the dullness of a college,

" Debar'd

" Debarr'd the common joys of life ;
 " And that prime bliss—a loving wife ?
 " O ! what's a table richly spread
 " Without a woman at its head !
 " Would some snug benefice but fall,
 " Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
 " To offices I'd bid adieu,
 " Of deans, vice præf.—of bursar too ;
 " Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
 " Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !"

Too fond of liberty and ease
 A patron's vanity to please,
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,
 Each frail incumbent's doubtful health ;
 At length—and in his fortieth year,
 A living drops—two hundred clear ;
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession,
 With rapture views the sweet retreat—
 " What a convenient house ! how neat !
 " For fuel here's sufficient wood :
 " Pray God the cellars may be good !
 " The garden—that must be new plann'd—
 " Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ?
 " O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 " The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes :—

" Yon"

" Yon' wall, that feels the southern ray,
 " Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay ;
 " While thick beneath its aspect warm
 " O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
 " From which, ere long, of golden gleam
 " Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
 " This aukward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
 " We'll alter to a modern privy :
 " Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
 " An avenue so cool and dim,
 " Shall to an arbour, at the end,
 " In spite of gout, intice a friend.
 " My predecessor lov'd devotion—
 " But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
 He now commences country parson.
 To make his character entire,
 He weds—a cousin of the 'quire ;
 Not over-weighty in the purse,
 But many doctors have done worse ;
 And though she boast no charms divine,
 Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
 Finds his church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good liquor and good learning :

With

With tithes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his furplice fees ;
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the state of pews ;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housfing,
 To share the monthly club's carousing ;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;
 Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
 The earliest melons of the year :
 Thinks alteration charming work is,
 Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies ;
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah ! too soon his thoughtless breast
 By cares domestic is oppress'd ;
 And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
 Threaten inevitable ruin :
 For children fresh expences yet,
 And Dicky now for school is fit.

“ Why did I sell my college life

“ (He cries) for benefice and wife ?

“ Return, ye days ! when endless pleasure

“ I found in reading, or in leisure !

“ When

" When calm around the common rooms
 " I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !
 " Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
 " At annual bottlings, corks selected :
 " And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
 " The portrait of our pious founder !
 " When impositions were supply'd
 " To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
 " Nor cares were then for forward peas,
 " A yearly-longing wife to please :
 " My thoughts no christ'ning dinner crost,
 " No children cry'd for butter'd toast;
 " And every night I went to bed,
 " Without a Modus in my head !”

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart !
 Chagrin'd at whatfoe'er thou art ;
 A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
 And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd !
 Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
 And in pursuit alone it pleases.



The F I R E - S I D E.

By Dr. Cotton.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

IV.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

V.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

VI.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

VII.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need !
For Nature's calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

XI.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given :
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

XII.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 (Since winter life is seldom sweet);
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
 Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.



T O - M O R R O W .

BY THE SAME.

Pereunt et Imputantur.

TO-morrow, didst thou say !
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.

Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow !

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury,

Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,

That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !

It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary registers of Time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

With those who own it. No, my Horatio,

'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;

Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments ;

For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales ;

And though their flight be silent, and their path

Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
 They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
 Because, though station'd on th' important watch,
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
 And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive: and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit !

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
 O ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.



On Lord COBHAM'S GARDENS.

BY THE SAME.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore ;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains ;
 Some say, it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
 As all the curious know ;
 For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
 That Paradise is Stow.



TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

BY THE SAME.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
 Which in Eden's garden grew ;
 Flowers of Eve's imbower'd dwelling*,
 Are, my Fair-one, types of you.
 Mark, my Polly, how the roses
 Emulate thy damask cheek ;
 How the bud its sweets discloses ;
 Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
 Lilies are, by plain direction,
 Emblems of a double kind ;
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.
 But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
 Blossom, fade, and die away ;
 Then pursue good sense and duty,
 Evergreens, that ne'er decay.

* Alluding to Milton's description of Eve's bower.



FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND'S Hermitage.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of perigord;
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes, grant to father Francis;
 Let me ne more myself deceive;
 Ne more regret the toys I leave;
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and Ambition's train;
 But not the good, perdie nor fair,
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always, with me dwell;
 Then cast, sweet Saint, a circle round,
 And bless from fools this holy ground;
 From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton eld, and homely youth;

The

The gavelly dull, and pertly gay ;
 Oh banish these ; and by my fay,
 Right well I ween that in this age
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell ;
 Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
 Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay :
 While I beneath this breezy shade
 In peace repose my careless head ;
 And, joining thy enraptur'd song,
 Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
 That the contented harmless breast
 In solitude itself is blest.



TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM, Esq.

BY EDWARD MOORE.

THE humble Petition of the worshipful company of
Poets and News-writers,

SHEWETH,

THAT your honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times),
By losses in bus'ness, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dullness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their use,
And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears),
Since your honour has fate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;

Sedition,

Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
 And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
 In short; public business is so carry'd on,
 That their country is fav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex ~~him~~ still more, and sure famine to bring
 (Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting),
 If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
 Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR Petitioners therefore most humbly entreat
 (As times will allow, and your honour thinks meet)
 That measures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint
 Be immediately furnish'd, and end their restraint;
 Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
 That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one),
 Now the parliament's rising, and business is done,
 That your honour would please, at this dangerous crisis,
 To take to your bosom a few private vices;
 By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
 And keep both themselves, and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give 'em something to say,
 And your honour's petitioners ever shall pray.



A N O D E

PERFORMED IN THE

SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE, July 1, 1749.

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE

THOMAS HOLLES DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

— canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum

Amias in montes ut duxerit una sororum;

Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurrexerit omnis. VIRGIL.

BY MR. MASON, FELLOW OF PEMBROKE-HALL.

Set to Music by Mr. BOYCE, Composer to His Majesty.

Recitative. **H**ERE all thy active fires diffuse,
 Thou genuine British Muse;
 Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
 Cloth'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.

Air I.

Air I. Come, imperial queen of song,
Come with all that free-born grace,
Which lifts thee from the servile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

II.

Recitative. The elevated soul, who feels
Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
Of honest unpolluted praise:
He with impartial justice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,
Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of fame.

III.

Air II. Goddess! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of Beauty's stores,
The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,
Catches each lively-colour'd grace,
The crimson of the wood-nymph's face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple in the eastern dawn,
Of all those tints, which, rang'd in vivid glow,
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

IV. *Recitative.*

IV.

Recitative. But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high,
 When to her intellectual eye
 The mental beauties rise in moral dignity :
 The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,
 That fires the glowing Patriot's breast ;
 The honest pride that plumes the Hero's crest,
 When for his country's aid the steel he draws ;
 Or that, the calm, yet active heat,
 With which mild Genius warms the Sage's heart,
 To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,
 Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

Air III. These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,
 She culls with taste refin'd ;
 From their ambrosial bloom
 With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,
 And blends the sweets they all convey,
 In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

V.

Recitative. Is there a clime, where all these beauties rise
 In one collected radiance to her eyes ?
 Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
 Glory's invigorating gales,
 Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
 Her kindest dews where Science sheds,
 Where every stream of Genius flows,
 Where every flower of Virtue glows ?
 Thither the Muse exulting flies,
 There she loudly cries —

Chorus I.

Chorus I. All hail, all hail,
Majestic Granta! hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

Recitative. You too, illustrious Train, she greets
Who first in these inspiring seats
Caught the bright beams of that ætherial fire,
Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire
To deeds of noblest note: whether to shield
Your country's liberties, your country's laws;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
To hurl the shafts of reason, and to wield
Those heav'nly-temper'd arms, whose rapid force
Arrests base Falshood in her impious course,
And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

VII.

Air IV. And now she tunes her plausive song
To you her sage domestic throng;
Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,
Dispense to each ingenuous youth
The treasures of immortal Truth,
And open Wisdom's golden mine.

Recitative. Each youth, inspir'd by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;
And feels in his transported soul
Enthusiastic raptures roll,

Gen'rous as those the sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

VIII. *Air.*

VIII.

Air V. O Granta! on thy happy plain
Still may these Attic glories reign:
Still may'st thou keep thy wonted state,
In unaffected grandeur great;

Recitative. Great as at this illustrious hour,
When He, whom GEORGE'S well-weigh'd choice
And Albion's general voice
Have lifted to the fairest heights of power,
When he appears, and deigns to shine
The leader of thy learned line;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
'Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

IX.

Air VI. Haste then, and amply o'er his head
The graceful foliage spread;
Mean while the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her swelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM'S name,
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

Full Chorus. The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her swelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM'S name
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.



ODE TO AN ÆOLUS'S * HARP.

SENT TO MISS SHEPHEARDS.

BY THE SAME.

YES, magic lyre! now all compleat
 Thy slender frame responsive rings,
 While kindred notes with undulation sweet
 Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
 Go then to her, whose soft request
 Bade my blest hands thy form prepare;
 Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
 With many a warble wild, and artless air.
 For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
 Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
 The Fair shall place thee near her slumb'ring head
 To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.

* This instrument appears to have been invented by KIRCHER, who has given a very accurate description of it in his *MUSURIOA*. After having been neglected above an hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. OSWALD. See Vol. III. p. 4. of this Miscellany.

† Afterwards Viscountess Irwin.

Then shall the Sylphs and Sylphids bright,
 Mild Genii all, to whose high care
 Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight
 Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.
 Some, flutt'ring 'mid thy trembling strings,
 Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
 And lightly brush thee with their purple wings,
 To aid the zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
 While others check each ruder gale,
 Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
 Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
 Save such as softly pant, and panting die.
 Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
 Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,
 Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,
 And waft her spirits to enchanted ground,
 To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,
 'Mid which some fav'rite youth shall rove,
 Shall meet, shall lead her through the glitt'ring scenes,
 And all be music, ecstasy, and love.



O D E to H E A L T H.

Non est vivere, sed valere, vita. MARTIAL.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, Fellow of Corpus Christi
College, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

HEALTH! to thee thy vot'ry owes
All the blessings life bestows,
All the sweets the summer yields,
Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;
By thee he tastes the calm delights
Of studious days and peaceful nights:
By thee his eye each scene with rapture views;
The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the Muse.

II.

Does increase of wealth impart
Transports to a bounteous heart?
Does the fire with smiles survey
His prattling children round him play?
Does love with mutual blushes streak
The swain's and virgin's artless cheek?
From HEALTH these blushes, smiles, and transports flow;
Wealth, children, love itself, to HEALTH their relish owe.

VOL. IV.

T

III. Nymph!

VI.

Venus from Æneas' side
 With successful efforts try'd
 To extract th' envenom'd dart
 That baffled wise Iapis' art :
 If this, HYGEIA, thou could'st prove
 Propitious to the queen of love,
 Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN bestow
 Thy choicest healing pow'rs, for Pallas asks them now.

VII.

What though, banish'd from the fight,
 To the Hero's troubled fight,
 Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose
 Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes ;
 He only panted to obtain
 A laurel wreath for thousands slain ;
 On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind
 Pasts to delight, instruct, and humanise mankind.

III.

Nymph! with thee, at early Morn,
 Let me brush the waving corn;
 And, at Noon-tide's sultry hour,
 O bear me to the wood-bine bow'r!
 When Evening lights her glow-worm, lead
 To yonder dew-enamell'd mead;
 And let me range at Night those glimm'ring groves,
 Where Stillness ever sleeps, and Contemplation roves.

IV.

This my tributary lay
 Grateful at thy shrine I pay,
 Who for sev'n whole years hath shed
 Thy balmy blessings o'er my head;
 O! let me still enamour'd view
 Those fragrant lips of rosy hue,
 Nor think there needs th' allay of sharp disease,
 To quicken thy repast, and give it pow'r to please.

V.

Now by swiftest Zephyrs drawn,
 Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn;
 In yon gloomy grotto laid,
 * PALEMON asks thy kindly aid;
 If goodness can that aid engage,
 O hover round the virtuous sage:
 Nor let one sigh for his own suff'rings rise;
 Each human suff'ring fills his sympathizing eyes.

* Author of Clarissa.

VI. Venus

VI.

Venus from Æneas' fide
 With successful efforts try'd
 To extract th' envenom'd dart
 That baffled wise Iapis' art :
 If thus, HYGEIA, thou could'st prove
 Propitious to the queen of love,
 Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN bestow
 Thy choicest healing pow'rs, for Pallas asks them now.

VII.

What though, banish'd from the fight,
 To the Hero's troubled fight,
 Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose
 Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes ;
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 A laurel wreath for thousands slain ;
 On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind
 Pants to delight, instruct, and humanise mankind.



A V E R N A L O D E.

Sent to his GRACE Dr. THOMAS HERRING
the Lord Archbishop of C A N T E R B U R Y,
March 12, 1754.

By FRANCIS FAWKES, A. M.*

I.

BRIGHT God of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed,
That spreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead,
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffusing mildness through the sky;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains.

* Francis Fawkes was a native of Yorkshire, and received his education at Leeds, from whence he was removed to Jesus College Cambridge, where he took his Degrees in Arts. Entering early into holy orders he settled first at Bramham in Yorkshire, and afterwards at Croydon, where he held the curacy. In this situation he recommended himself to the notice of Archbishop Herring, who then resided at the latter place on account of his health; and, in 1755, was, by that prelate, collated to the vicarage of Orpington with St. Mary Cray, in Kent. In April 1774, by the late Dr. Plumtree's favour, he exchanged his vicarage for the rectory of Hayes. He died August 26, 1777.

II. Enough

II.

Enough has Winter's hand severe
 Hurl'd all his terrors round,
 Chill'd the fair dawning of the year,
 And whiten'd all the ground :
 Give but thy vital beams to play,
 The frozen scenes will melt away;
 And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming Hours
 Will wake the drowsy Spring, and Spring awake the flowers.

III.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
 On Zephyr's wings descend,
 And scatter pleasures as the flies
 Where Surrey's downs extend ;
 There HERRING woos her friendly power,
 There may she all her roses shower,
 To heal that shepherd all her balms employ !
 So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

IV.

Ah me ! that Virtue's godlike friends
 So soon are claim'd by Fate !
 Lo ^b PELHAM to the grave descends,
 The bulwark of the state :
 When will fair Truth his equal find
 Among the best of human kind ?
 Long be the fatal day with mourning kept !
 AUGUSTUS sigh'd sincere, and all the worthy wept !

^b The Right Honourable Henry Pelham, Esq; died on the 6th of
 March 1754.

V.

Thy delegate, kind heaven, restore
 To health, and safely keep;
 Let good AUGUSTUS sigh no more,
 No more the worthy weep:
 And still upon the royal head
 The riches of thy blessings shed;
 Establish'd with his counsellors around,
 Long be his prosp'rous reign, and all with glory crown'd.



AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
 While beams thine orb serene,
 O let me warbling court thy stay,
 To gild the fading scene!
 Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
 Bright Summer to perfection bring,
 The cold, inclement days of Winter cheer,
 And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the year.

II. Ere

II.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
 I'll climb the mountain's brow,
 My friend, my Hayman*, at thy call,
 To view the scene below :
 How sweetly pleasing to behold
 Forests of vegetable gold !
 How mix'd the many-chequer'd shades between
 The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green !

III.

How splendid all the sky ! how still !
 How mild the dying gale !
 How soft the whisp'ers of the rill
 That winds along the dale !
 So tranquil Nature's works appear,
 It seems the Sabbath of the year ;
 As if, the Summer's Labour past, she chose
 This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

IV.

Such is of well-spent life the time,
 When busy days are past,
 Man, verging gradual from his prime,
 Meets sacred Peace at last :
 His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
 And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
 He gains pacific Autumn, meek and bland,
 And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsy'd hand.

* Francis Hayman, the painter,

V.

For yet a while, a little while,
 Involv'd in wintry gloom,
 And lo! another Spring shall smile,
 A Spring eternal bloom;
 Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
 In the bright mansions of the blest,
 Where due rewards on Virtue are bestow'd,
 And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn sow'd.

A S O N G.

I.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear,
 Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

* This beautiful address to conjugal love, "a subject too much neglected by the libertine Muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of Miscellaneous Poems by several hands published by D. Lewis, 1726. 8vo.

"It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation from the ancient British language." Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. I. p. 328.

II. What

II.

What though no grants of royal doners
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

III.

What though from Fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

IV.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

V.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.

VI.

Through youth and age in love exelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see 'em look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lip their mother's tongue!

VIII.

And when with envy Time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I go wooing with my boys.



THE GENIUS.

AN ODE, written in 1717, on occasion of the
 DUKE of MARLBOROUGH'S Apoplexy.

By LEONARD WELSTED*, Esq.

A WEFUL hero, Marlborough, rise :
 Sleepy charms I come to break :
 Hither turn thy languid eyes :
 Lo ! thy Genius calls : awake !

* Leonard Welsted was descended from a good family in Leicestershire, his maternal grandfather being Mr. Staveley, author of *The Roman History*, and other works. He received the rudiments of literature at Westminster-school, and is supposed to have been at one, if not both the Universities, but without making any stay at either of them. He afterwards obtained a place in the office of ordnance, and generally resided within the Tower of London, where he died about the year 1749.

II. Well

II.

Well survey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great story;
'Tis a short, but crowded span,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

III.

One by one thy deeds review,
Sieges, battles, thick appear;
Former wonders, lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

IV.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd!
Here retiring squadrons yield,
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd!

V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou hast wrought;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the subject of thy thought!

VI.

Rest thee here, while life may last:
Th' utmost bliss, to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions past,
And to own them great and good.

VII.

But 'tis gone—a mortal born!
Swift the fading scenes remove——
Let them pass with noble scorn,
Thine are worlds, which roll above.

VIII. Poets,

VIII.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee;
Men, who acted wondrous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

IX.

Foremost in the patriot-band,
Shining with distinguish'd day!
See thy friend, Godolphin^b stand!
See! he beckons thee away.

X.

Yonder seats and fields of light
Let thy ravish'd thought explore;
Wishing, panting for thy flight!
Half an angel; man no more.



TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

By Mr. MARRIOT, now Sir JAMES MARRIOT, of
TRINITY-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

Book I. Ode XVII. Invitation to his Mistress.

O FT Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
And to the Sabine hill retreats:
He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
From piercing winds, and scorching heats.

^b Sydney Earl of Godolphin, Lord Treasurer of England. He died
September 15, 1712.

Where

Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear,
 My wanton kids securely play ;
 My goats no pois'nous serpent fear,
 Safe wand'ring through the woodland way.]

No hostile wolf the fold invades ;
 Ustica's pendent rocks rebound
 My song ; and all the sylvan shades,
 By Echo taught, return the sound.

The gods my verse propitious hear,
 My head from every danger shield :
 For you o'erflows the bounteous year,
 And Plenty's horn hath heap'd my field,

Responsive to the Teian string,
 Within the sun-defended vale,
 Here, softly warbling, you shall sing
 Each tender, tuneful, am'rous tale.

No rival here shall burst the bands
 That wreath my charmer's beauteous hair,
 Nor seize her weakly struggling hands ;
 But Love and Horace guard the fair.

Book II. Ode VI. Imitated.

BEVIL, that with your friend would roam
Far from your England's happier home,
Should e'er the Fates that friend detain
In gayer France, or graver Spain ;

Know, all my wish is to retreat,
When age shall quench my youthful heat,
In Kentish shades sweet peace to find,
And leave the sons of care behind.

But should this pleasing hope be vain,
May I fair Windsor's seat attain,
Where Leddon's gentle waters glide,
And flocks adorn its flowery fide.

Sweet groves, I love your silent shades,
Your russet lawns, and op'ning glades.
With fam'd Italia's plains may vie
Your fertile fields, and healthful sky.

Here, let our eve of life be spent ;
Here, friend shall live with friend content :
Here, in cold earth my limbs be laid ;
And here, thy generous tear be paid.

Book II. Ode XII. Translated.

THE wars of Numantia and Hannibal dire,
On land, or on ocean the fighting,
Mæcenas, ne'er suited my peaceable lyre,
In subjects much softer delighting.

You love not of Centaurs embattled to hear,
Nor of Giants, a tale of such wonder,
Who shook all the skies, made Jupiter fear,
'Till drove by Alcides and thunder.

In prose, my good patron, more nobly you write,
As your topic than these is much better,
How Cæsar with glory can govern and fight,
And lead haughty kings in his fetter.

Alone my gay Muse of Licinia would sing,
The constant, good-natur'd, and pretty,
So graceful to dance with the maids in a ring,
So sparkling, so merry, and witty.

While you play with her hair that is carelessly curl'd,
While this way, now that way she twitches,
Of your teasing so kindly complaining, no world
Could bribe for one lock with its riches.

Thus blest with the nymph, how transporting the joy!
Who whimsical, wanton, amuses;
Who pleasingly forward, or prettily coy,
Oft snatches the kiss she refuses.



TO A LADY MAKING A PIN-BASKET.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
 With joy your fond attention share,
 Madam, accept th' auspicious strain ;
 Nor rise your beauteous work in vain :
 Oft be your second race survey'd,
 And oft a new pin-basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory
(So poets, madam, tell the story,)
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In heav'n a blooming youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
When Cupid had his Psyché won,
And, all her destin'd labours done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And mamma Venus had consented.

At Jove's command, and Hermès' call;
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And gods and goddeffes were drest,
To do them honour, in their best.

The

The little rogues now pass'd the row,
 And look'd, and mov'd I don't know how,
 And, ambling hand in hand, appear
 Before the mighty Thunderer.
 Low at his throne they bent the knee:
 He smil'd the blushing pair to see,
 Lay'd his tremendous bolt aside,
 And strok'd their cheeks, and kiss'd the bride.

Says Juno, since our Jove's so kind,
 My dear, some present I must find.
 In greatest pleasures, greatest dangers,
 We and the sex were never strangers;
 With bounteous hand my gifts I spread,
 Presiding o'er the marriage-bed.
 Soon, for the months are on the wing,
 To you a daughter fair I bring,
 And know, from this your nuptial morn
 Shall Pleasure, smiling babe, be born.
 But for the babe we must prepare;
 That too shall be your Juno's care.
 Apollo from his golden lyre
 Shall first assist us with the wire;
 Vulcan shall make the silver pin;
 The basket thus we shall begin,
 Where we may put the child's array,
 And get it ready by the day.
 The nymphs themselves with flowers shall dress it,
 Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.



CAPTAIN C U P I D.

BY THE SAME.

ERST, in Cythera's sacred shade,
When Venus clasp'd the God of War,
The laughing loves around them play'd,
One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
The shining baldric grac'd his breast,
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable crest.

Hence oft', to win some stubborn maid,
Still does the wanton God assume
The martial air, the gay cockade,
The sword, the shoulder-knot, and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
Resolv'd her conquests to maintain;
His fruitless art each poet try'd:
Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

'Till Cupid came, a captain bold:
Of trenches and of palisades
He talk'd; and many a tale he told
Of battles, and of ambuscades;

How

How oft' his godship had been drunk ;
 What melting maids he had undone ;
 How oft' by night had storm'd a punk,
 Or bravely beat a faucy dun.

He swore, drank, whor'd, fung, danc'd with spirit,
 And o'er each pleasing topic ran ;
 'Till Phyllis figh'd, and own'd his merit,
 The Captain's sure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verse let Phœbus doat ;
 Ye shepherds, leave your pipes to Pan :
 Nor verse nor pipe will Phyllis note ;
 The Captain is the charming man.



ODE ON AMBITION.

BY THE SAME.

THE mariner, when first he sails,
 While his bold oars the sparkling surface sweep,
 With new delight, transported hails
 The blue expanded skies, and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearless aim,
 Pleas'd with the gorgeous scene of wealth and power,
 In the gay morn of early fame,
 Nor thinks of evening's storm and gloomy hour.

11

Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wish, and fan the youthful fire ;
But woes unknown those charms conceal,
And fair illusions cheat our fierce desire.

There Envy shows her sullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate ;
There Malice stabs, with rage serene ;
In deadly silence, treacherous Friendships wait.

High on a mountain's lofty brow,
'Mid clouds and storms, has Glory fix'd her seat ;
Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow,
The lightnings blast it, and the tempests beat.

Within the sun-gilt vale beneath,
More moderate Hope with sweet Contentment dwells ;
While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells.

To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his share,
Man quits the path by heaven design'd,
To search for bliss among the thorns of care.

Our native powers we scorn to know ;
With steadfast error still the wrong pursue ;
Instruct our forward ills to grow ;
While sad successes but our pain renew.

In vain heaven tempers life with sweet,
With flowers the way, that leads us home, besprews,
If dupes to passion, and deceit,
We drink the bitter, and the rugged choose.

Few can on Grandeur's stage appear,
Each lofty part with true applause sustain,
No common virtue safe can steer
Where rocks unnumber'd lurk beneath the main.

Then happiest he, whose timely hand
To cool Discretion has the helm resign'd;
Enjoys the calm, in sight of land,
From changing tides secure, and trustless wind.



O D E T O F A N C Y.

BY THE SAME.

I.

GILDING with brighter beams the vernal ~~flies~~,
Now hastes the car of day to rise.
Youth, and Mirth, and Beauty leads
In golden reins the sprightly steeds,
With wanton Love that rolls his sparkling eyes.
U 3 Morpheus,

Morpheus, no more
 Thy poppies, cropt on Lethe's margin, shed
 Around thy languid poet's head.
 Thou drowsy god,
 'Tis time to break thy leaden rod,
 And give thy slumbers o'er.
 But come, thou woodland Nymph, along,
 Mistress of the vocal song,
 Fancy ever fair and free,
 Whether on the mountains straying,
 Or on beds of roses playing,
 Daughter of sweet Liberty !

II,

Through all the ivy-circled cave
 Soft music at thy birth was heard to sound;
 The Graces danc'd thy bower around,
 And gently dipt thee in the silver wave;
 With blossoms fair thy cradle drest,
 And rock'd their smiling babe to rest.
 To kiss thy lips, the bees, a murmuring throng,
 With busy wings, unnumber'd flew;
 For thee, from every flower their tribute drew,
 And lull'd thy slumbers with an airy song.
 Come in thy heavenly woven vest,
 That Iris' hand has ting'd in every dye,
 With which she paints the sky,
 Flowing o'er thy zoneless breast.

III. Me,

III.

Me, sweet enchantress, deign to bear
 O'er the seas, and through the air ;
 O'er the plains extended wide,
 O'er misty hills, and curling clouds, we ride,
 Now mounting high, now sinking low,
 Through hail and rain, and vapours go,
 Where is treasure'd up the snow ;
 Where sleeps the thunder in its cell ;
 Where the swift-wing'd lightnings dwell ;
 Or where the blustering storms are taught to blow.
 Now tread the milky way ;
 Unnumber'd worlds that float in æther spy,
 Among the glittering planets stray,
 To the lunar orbit fly,
 And mountains, shores, and seas descry.
 Now catch the music of the spheres ;
 Which, since the birth of time,
 Have, in according chime,
 And fair proportion, rolling round,
 With each diviner sound,
 Attentive Silence, pierc'd thy list'ning ears ;
 Unheard by all, but those alone
 Whom to Wisdom's secret throne
 The Muse, with heav'n-taught guidance, deigns to bring,
 To trace the sacred paths with hallow'd feet ;
 Or, Fancy, who the mystic shade,
 In thy airy car, pervade,
 Where Plato's raptur'd spirit holds its solemn seat.

IV.

But, Fancy, downward urge thy flight.

On some mountain's towering height,

With hoary frosts eternal crown'd,

Rapt with dusky vapours round,

Let me fix my steadfast feet.

I feel, I feel the fanning gales;

The wat'ry mists beneath retreat.

The noontide ray now darts its heat,

And pours its glories o'er the vales.

Glittering to the dancing beams,

Urging their stubborn way the rocks along,

I hear, and see a thousand streams

Foam, and roar, and rush along.

But to the plains descended,

Their sudden rage is ended.

Now lost in deep recess of darksome bowers,

Again now sparkling though the meads

Vested soft with vernal flowers,

Reflecting the majestic towers,

Its peaceful flood the roving channel leads.

There the rural cots are seen,

From whose low roof the curling smoke ascends,

And dims with blueish volumes all the green.

There some forest far extends

Its groves embrown'd with lengthen'd shade;

Embosom'd where some Gothic seat,

Of monarchs once retreat,

In wild magnificence array'd,
 The pride of ancient times presents,
 And lifts, in contrast fair display'd,
 Its sun-reflecting battlements.

V.

Near, some imperial city seems to reign,
 Triumphant o'er the subject land;
 With domes of art Vitruvian crown'd.
 See gleam her gilded spires around,
 Her gates in awful grandeur stand.
 Equal to shine in peace, or war sustain,
 Her mighty bulwarks threat the plain
 With many a work of death, and armed mound,
 Where rolls her wealthy river deep and wide,
 Tall groves of crowded masts arise,
 Their streamers waving to the skies.
 The banks are white with swelling sails,
 And distant vessels stem the tide,
 Circling through pendant cliffs, and watery dales.
 The russet hills, the valleys green beneath,
 The fallows brown, and dusky heath,
 The yellow corn, empurpled vine,
 In union soft their tints combine,
 And, Fancy, all engage thine eye
 With a sweet variety.
 While clouds the fleeting clouds pursue,
 In mutual shade, and mutual light,
 The changing landscape meets the sight;
 'Till the ken no more can view,

And heaven appears to meet the ground;
The rising lands, and azure distance drown'd
Amid the gay horizon's golden bound.

VI.

Such are the scenes that oft invite
To feed thee, Fancy, with delight.
All that nature can create,
Beauteous, awful, new and great,
Sweet enthusiast, is thy treasure;
Source of wonder, and of pleasure;
Every sense to transport winning,
Still unbounded and beginning.
Then, Fancy, spread thy wings again;
Unlock the caverns of the main.
Above, beneath, and all around,
Let the tumbling billows spread,
'Till the coral floor we tread,
Exploring all the wealth that decks the realms profound;
There, gather gems that long have glow'd
In the vast, unknown abode,
The jasper vein'd, the sapphire blue,
The ruby bright with crimson hue,
Whate'er the bed resplendent paves,
Or decks the glittering roofs on high,
Through whose translucent arch are seen the rolling waves.
Fancy, these shall clasp thy vest,
With these thy lovely brows be dress'd,
In every gay, and various dye.

But

But hark!—the seas begin to roar,
The whistling winds assault my ear,
The lowering storms around appear—

Fancy, bear me to the shore.

There in thy realms, bright goddess, deign
Secure to fix thy votary's feet :

O give to follow oft thy train,

Still with accustom'd lay thy power to greet ;

To dwell with Peace, and sport with thee,

Fancy, ever fair and free.



AN ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR, NEW CLOATHED^a.

BY W. SOMERVILLE^b, Esq;

MY dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend ;
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall ;

^a Written towards the close of Mr. Somerville's life.

^b William Somerville, Author of the *Chace*, *Hobbinol*, and other poems, was descended from a very ancient family in Warwickshire. He was the son of Robert Somerville, of Edfton, in that county, and, as he says himself, was born near Avon's banks. He received his education at Winchester school, but does not appear to have been at any University. Dr. Johnson says, he never heard of him but as of a Poet, a country gentleman, and a useful Justice of the Peace. Like his friend Shenstone, his latter days were rendered unhappy by the bad state of his finances. He suffered himself to be overcome by habits of drinking, and died July 14, 1743.

Why

Why should'st not *thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?

True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings, and external show?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.

Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house!
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd!
I lov'd thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.

With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.

But sage experience taught me how to prize
Myself; and how, this world: she bade me rise
To nobler flights, regardless of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure;
 And, patiently, what heav'n has sent, endure;
 From all the futile cares of business free;
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*:
 Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the past;
 And seriously prepare, to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies;
 And all the malice of the storm defies:
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
 Pities the restless crew he left behind;
 Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
 On his great voyage, to the world unknown.



S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

AS o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
 The blissful seat of peace and love,
 Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
 And mingle pleasure with surprize.

By nature blest in every part,
 Adorn'd with every grace of art,
 This paradise of blooming joys
 Each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.

II. But

II.

But when I view the radiant queen,
 Who form'd this fair enchanting scene;
 Pardon, ye grotts ! ye crystal floods !
 Ye breathing flowers ! ye shady woods !

Your coolness now no more invites ;
 No more your murmuring stream delights ;
 Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown :
 Your soul's intent on her alone.



ODE TO A FRIEND WOUNDED IN A DUEL.

BY MR. PARROT.

HOW long shall tyrant Custom bind
 In slavish chains the human mind ?
 How long shall false fantastic Honour draw
 The vengeful sword, with fury fell,
 And ranc'rous Malice, dark as hell,
 In spite of Reason's rule, and Nature's eldest law ;
 Too many gallant youths have bled ;
 Too much of British blood been shed
 By Britons' swords, and that foul monster's laws :
 Youths that might else have nobly dar'd ;
 More glorious wounds and dangers shar'd
 For Britain's just defence, and Virtue's injur'd cause.

So

So when the fierce Cadmean youth
 Sprung from the dragon's venom'd tooth,
 Each chief arose in shining armour drest :
 With rage inspir'd, the furious band
 Soon found a ready foe at hand,
 And plung'd the pointed steel each in a brother's breast.

Has Britain then no other foes,
 That thus her sons their lives expose
 To private war, and feuds, and civil fray ?
 Does Spain insult her flag no more ?
 Does Lewis yet his thoughts give o'er
 Of universal rule, and arbitrary sway ?

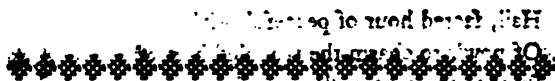
'Tis Britons' to support the law ;
 'Tis theirs ambitious kings to awe,
 And equal rights of empire to maintain.
 For this our fathers, brave and stout,
 At Agincourt and Cressy fought,
 And heap'd fam'd Blenheim's field with mountains of the
 slain.

How will the Gallic monarch smile,
 To see the sons of Albion's isle
 Their country's blood with ruthless weapons drain !
 Themselves avenge the glorious day
 When Marlborough swept whole hosts away,
 And sent the frighted Danube purple to the main !

O fay, in this inglorious strife
 Thy arm had robb'd thy friend of life,
 What pangs, what anguish had thy bosom prov'd?
 How hadst thou curs'd the cruel deed,
 That caus'd the gallant youth to bleed,
 Pierc'd by thy guilty sword, and slain by him he lov'd?

How did the fair Maria blame
 Thy high-bred spirit's eager flame,
 That, courting danger, slighted her soft love?
 Far other wreaths for thee she twin'd;
 Far other cares for thee design'd;
 And for the laurel crown the myrtle chaplet wove.

If not for her's, for Britain's sake;
 Forbear thy precious life to stake;
 Nor taint thy honour with so foul a deed.
 One day thy country may require
 Thy gallant arm and martial fire:
 Then may'st thou bravely conquer, or as bravely bleed.



O D E TO NIGHT

BY THE SAME.

THE busy cares of day are done;
 In quietude the sun
 Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
 And glad with light the nether skies:
 With ling'ring pace the parting day retires;
 And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded spires:
 Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
 Still shoots a gleam of fainter light;
 At length descends a browner shade;
 At length the glimm'ring objects fade:
 'Till all submit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
 And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the plain:

No more the ivy-crowned oak
 Resounds beneath the wood-man's stroke;
 Now Silence holds her solemn sway;
 Mute is each bush, and every spray:
 Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills is heard,
 Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's solitary bird,

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest!
 Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
 By thee the captive slave obtains
 Short respite from his galling pains;
 Nor fights for liberty, nor native soil
 But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
 No scorpion lash, no clanking chain;
 When the pale murt'let wounds him, spines
 A thousand grizzly forms arise,
 When shrieks and groans arouse his pally'd fear,
 'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds his ear.
 The village swain whom Phillis charms,
 Whose breast the tender passion warms,
 Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
 To tell the fair his love-sick tale:
 Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
 She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
 LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
 Through foaming seas his passion bore,
 Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
 The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
 Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
 Pores on the fair instructive page;
 Or, rapt in musings deep, his soul
 Mounts active to the starry pole:
 There, pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
 Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
 When brightly wit and reason meet;
 Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
 But fairer still with reason join'd.
 Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
 When eloquence and GRANVILLE* join the friendly board.

GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is fraught
 With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught;
 Who pleases and instructs the ear,
 When he assumes the critic's chair,
 Or from the STAGYRTE or PLATO draws
 The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
 The hour of mirth and social joy!
 And glean from GRANVILLE's learned store
 Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
 Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
 Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the day.

* John Carteret Earl of Granville.



WRITTEN UPON LEAVING A FRIEND'S
HOUSE IN WALES.

By the Rev. Dr. MARKHAM, now Archbishop
of York.

THE winds were loud, the clouds deep-hung,
And dragg'd their sweepy trains along
The dreary mountain's side ;
When, from the hill, one look to throw
On Towy's rambling flood below,
I turn'd my horse—and sigh'd.

But soon the gusts of fleet and hail
Flew thick across the darken'd vale,
And blurr'd the face of day :
Forlorn and sad, I jogg'd along ;
And though Tom cry'd, “ You're going wrong,”
Still wander'd from my way.

The scenes, which once my fancy took,
And my aw'd mind with wonder struck,
Pass'd unregarded all !
Nor black Trecarris' steepy height,
Nor waste Treacastle gave delight ;
Nor clamorous Hondy's fall.

Did

Did the bleak day then give me pain?
 The driving snow, or pelting rain,
 Or sky with tempests fraught?
 No! these unheeded rag'd around;
 Nought in them so much Mine I found,
 As claim'd one wandering thought,

Far other cares engross'd my mind,
 Cares for the joys I left behind
 In * Newton's happy groves!
 Yet not because its woods disclose
 Or grots or lawns more sweet than those
 Which Pan at noon-day loves;

But that, beside its social hearth,
 Dwells every joy, which youthful mirth
 Or serious age can claim;
 The man too whom my soul first knew,
 To virtue and to honour true;
 And friendship's sacred name.

O Newton, could these pensive lays
 In worthy numbers scan thy praise,
 Much gratitude would say;
 But that the Muse, ingenuous maid,
 Of flattery seems so much afraid,
 She'll scarce her *duty* pay.

BRECKNOCK, Oct. 16, 1749.

Newton is the name of a seat belonging to Sir John Price.

DENNIS * TO MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
 Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
 Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
 Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
 That hoary season yields a type of me.
 Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
 Yet shall my prople's ivy, pale and bent,
 Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

* John Dennis the celebrated critic, in the latter part of his life, by extravagance and inattention fell into poverty and distress. At the age of near 77 he became blind and overwhelmed with debts. In this deplorable situation his misery excited the compassion of Mr. Thomson and some other gentlemen, who procured for him a benefit at the theatre in the Hay-market Dec. 18, 1733. The play was the Provoked Husband: on this occasion Mr. Pope wrote a Prologue, which was spoken by Mr. Cibber, junior. The exhibition produced near 100*l*. but the old man survived it a very short time, dying on the 6th of January 1733-4. A writer of Mr. Dennis's Life, printed in 2*vo*, 1734, asserts these verses to have been the production of Mr. Savage.

S O N G.



S O N G, 1755.

By Mr. HYLTON.

I.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe and how gay!
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly his lay!
 So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be join'd!

II.

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her motion, how sweet was her tongue!
 And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.

III.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere,
 But alas! she redoubled each hope and each fear;
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

IV.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain:
 Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
 Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.

V.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her awhile;
If she love you, she soon will return with a smile:
You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
And by absence will conquer her heart—or your own.

VI.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd;
Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
To sigh for a heart she could never regain.

I. S. H.



THE BULFINCH IN TOWN.

BY LADY LUXBOROUGH.

HARK to the blackbird's pleasing note:
Sweet usher of the vocal throng!

Nature directs his warbling throat,
And all that hear admire the song.

* Henrietta Lady Luxborough, only daughter of Henry St. John, created Baron St. John of Battersea, and Viscount St. John, July 2, 1716. She was half-sister to the celebrated Viscount Bolingbroke, and was married June 20, 1727, to Robert Knight of Barrels, in the county of Warwick, created Lord Luxborough of Shannon in the Kingdom of Ireland, August 8, 1746. During the latter part of her life she resided at Barrels separate from her husband, and died there in March 1756. A volume of her Letters to Mr. Shenstone was published in 8vo. 1775.

Yon!

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
 Pores on the fair instructive page;
 Or, rapt in musings deep, his soul
 Mounts active to the starry pole:
 There, pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
 Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
 When sprightly wit and reason meet;
 Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
 But fairer still with reason join'd.
 Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
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GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is fraught
 With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught,
 Who pleases and instructs the ear,
 When he assumes the critic's chair,
 Or from the STAGYRTE or PLATO draws
 The arts of Civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
 The hour of mirth and social joy!
 And glean from GRANVILLE's learned store
 Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
 Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
 Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the day.

* John Carteret Earl of Granville.



S O N G.

WRITTEN IN WINTER, 1745.

BY THE SAME.

THE sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn,
The hills all white with snow,

Leave me dejected and forlorn !

Who can describe my woe ?

But not the sun's warm beams could cheer,

Nor hills, though e'er so green,

Unless my Damon should appear,

To beautify the scene.

II.

The frozen brooks, and pathless vales,

Disjoin my love and me;

The pining bird his fate bewails

On yonder leafless tree !

But what to me are birds or brooks,

Or any joy that's near ?

Heavy the lute, and dull the books,

While Damon is not here !

III.

The Laplander, who, half the year,

Is wrapt in shades of night,

Mourns not, like me, his winter drear,

Nor wishes more for light.

But

But what were light, without my love,
Or objects e'er so fine?
The flowery meadow, field, or grove,
If Damon be not mine?

IV.

Each moment, from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain;
Fly swift, ye hours, be calm the day,
That brings my love again!
O haste and bring him to my arms;
Nor let us ever part:
My breast shall beat no more alarms,
When I secure his heart.



WRITTEN TO A NEAR NEIGHBOUR IN A TEMPESTUOUS
NIGHT, 1748.

BY THE SAME.

I.

YOU bid my Muse not cease to sing,
You bid my ink not cease to flow;
Then say it ever shall be spring,
And boisterous winds shall never blow:
When you such miracles can prove,
I'll sing of friendship, or of love.

II. But

II.

But now alone, by storms oppress'd,
Which harshly in my ears resound;
No cheerful voice with witty jest,
No jocund pipe to still the sound;
Untrain'd beside in verse-like art,
How shall my pen express my heart?

III.

In vain I call th' harmonious Nine,
In vain implore Apollo's aid;
Obdurate, they refuse a line,
While spleen and care my rest invade;
Say, shall we Morpheus next implore,
And try if dreams befriend us more?

IV.

Wisely at least he'll stop my pen,
And with his poppies crown my brow;
Better by far in lonesome den
To sleep unheard of—than to glow
With treach'rous wildfire of the brain,
Th' intoxicated poet's bane.

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
 This youthful Prince's various worth,
 You had the public voice;
 Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
 To you the culture of his mind,
 And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
 By martial deeds of courage shewn:
 From this, near Mona's^b flood,
 By his victorious Father led,
 He sheath'd his maiden sword, he shed,
 And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
 What happiness and glory fraught,
 How her unshaken power
 Is independent of success;
 That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more.

^b The river Mayne, near Dettingen, where George the Second engaged the French in person, 17th of June, 1743. At this battle the Duke of Cumberland gave signal proofs of his valour, conduct, and intrepidity.



THE GOLDFINCHES. AN ELEGY.

By MR. JAGO.*

— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores, non finis esse labori.

TO you, whose groves protect the feather'd quires,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Doric strain belongs; O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the tuneful race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Through Nature's spacious walks at large they ranged,
No settled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,
Themselves, in every vary'd scene, the same.

* Richard Jago, Vicar of Snittersfield in Warwickshire, and rector of Kimcote in Leicestershire. He was the intimate friend and correspondent of Mr. Shenstone, with whom he became acquainted at school. He finished his education at University College, Oxford, and took his degree of M. A. July 9, 1738. His death happened May 28, 1781.

'Till on a day to weighty cares resign'd,
 With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed,
 On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
 But settle soberly, and raise a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant-bush,
 With wond'rous art they built their waving nest.
 In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
 Not distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
 With early songs they wak'd the sprightly groves,
 'Till time matur'd their bliss, and crown'd their nest
 With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye !
 What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food !
 What joy each other's likeness to desire,
 And future sonnets in the chirping brood !

But ah ! what earthly happiness can last ?
 How does the fairest purpose often fail ?
 A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
 Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungente of his tribe was he ;
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart :
 With concords false and hideous profody
 He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye.
 He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,
 And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how shall I relate in numbers rude
 The pangs for poor ^b Chrysemitris decreed?
 When from a neighb'ring spray aghast she view'd
 The savage ruffian's inauspicious deed!

So, wrapt in grief, some heart-struck matron stands,
 While horrid flame surround her children's room!
 On heav'n she calls, and wrings her trembling hands,
 Constrain'd to see, but not prevent their doom.

" O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cry'd,
 " What sight is this that I have liv'd to see?
 " O! that I had a maiden-goldfinch died,
 " From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free!

" Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
 " Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?
 " For this I pick'd the moss from yonder hill?
 " Nor shun'd the ponderous chat along to draw?

" Was it for this, I cull'd the wool with care;
 " And strove with all my skill our work to crown?
 " For this, with pain I bent the stubborn hair;
 " And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

^b Chrysemitris, it seems, is the name for a goldfinch.

“ Was it for this my freedom I resign’d;
 “ And ceas’d to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
 “ For this I sat at home whole days confin’d,
 “ And bore the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

“ Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
 “ The crimson roses on my cheek turn pale?
 “ Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim;
 “ And all my wonted spirits ’gin to fail.

● O plund’rer vile; O more than weezel fell!
 “ More treach’rous than the cat with prudish face!
 “ More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell!
 “ More pilf’ring than the cuckow’s prowling race!

“ For thee may plumb or goosb’ry never grow,
 “ Nor juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
 “ But bloody birch-twigs work thee shameful woe,
 “ Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note!”

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return’d:
 Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
 And there in silent sadness joinly mourn’d.

THE BLACKBIRDS. AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
 And kindly loos'd the frozen soil,
 The melting streams began to flow,
 And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil,

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
 Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
 A blackbird rais'd his ain'rous song,
 And thus it ech'd through the grove.

O fairest of the feather'd train !
 For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
 Attend with pity to my strain,
 And grant my love a kind return.

For see the wintry storms are flown,
 And gentle Zephyrs fan the air ;
 Let us the genial influence own,
 Let us the vernal pastime share.

The

Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how many sands on the shore ;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 To a heart which, dear Chloc, is thine ;
 With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is ?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses
 With few will be ever content.



The PROGRESS of DISCONTENT.

A P O E M.

Written at Oxford in the Year 1746.

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
 And thus in form of humble suitor,
 Bowing, accosts a reverend tutor :
 “ Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
 “ And this my eldest son of nine ;

I

“ My

To bring her food I'll range the fields,
 And cull the best of every kind;
 Whatever nature's bounty yields,
 And love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray
 To taste the summer sweets at large,
 I'll wait at home the live-long day,
 And tend with care our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
 With me divide the cares of life;
 No bush shall boast in all the grove
 So fond a mate, so blest a wife.

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
 With soft indulgence heard the strain;
 She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
 And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
 And nestled closely to her side;
 The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
 And she, the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
 "Behold, he said, the new-born day!
 "The lark his matin peal has rung,
 "Arise, my love, and come away."

Together

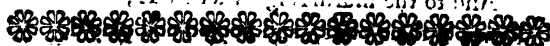
Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

When oh! with grief the Muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O spare my love, and let me die,

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
O! had he chose some other game!
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.



THE RAKE.

BY A LADY IN NEW-ENGLAND.

———— *Vide meliora proboque,*
Deteriora sequor HbA.

AN open heart, a generous mind,
 But passion's slave; and wild as wind;
 In theory, a judge of right;
 Though banish'd from its practice quite;
 So loose, so prostitute of soul,
 His nobler wit becomes the tool
 Of every importuning fool;
 A thousand virtues misapply'd;
 While reason flouts on passion's tide ring'd;
 The ruin of the chaste and fair;
 The parent's curse, the virgin's snare;
 Whose false example leads astray
 The young, the thoughtless, and the gay:
 Yet, left alone to cooler thought,
 He knows, he sees, he feels his fault:
 He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
 Detesting what he most pursues:

His

With tithes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his furpice fees ;
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the state of pews ;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housfing,
 To share the monthly club's carousing ;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;
 Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
 The earliest melons of the year :
 Thinks alteration charming work is,
 Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies ;
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah ! too soon his thoughtless breast
 By cares domestic is oppress'd ;
 And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
 Threaten inevitable ruin :
 For children fresh expences yet,
 And Dicky now for school is fit.

“ Why did I sell my college life

“ (He cries) for benefice and wife ?

“ Return, ye days ! when endless pleasure

“ I found in reading, or in leisure !

“ When

II.

His fav'rite Rose his fear alarms,
All opening to the sun ;
Like vain coquettes, who spread their charms,
And shine, to be undone.

III.

The Tulip, gaudy in its dress,
And made for nought but show,
In every sense may well express
The glittering, empty beau !

IV.

The Snow-drop first but peeps to light,
And fearful shews its head ;
Thus modest merit shines more bright,
By self-distrust misled.

V.

Th' Auric'la, which through labour rose,
Yet shines compleat by art,
The force of education shows
How much it can impart.

VI.

He marks the Sensitive's nice fit ;
Nor fears he to proclaim,
If each man's darling vice were hit,
That he would *act the same*.

VII. Beneath

VII.

Beneath each common hedge, he views
The Violet with care;
Hinting we should not worth refuse,
Although we find it *there*.

VIII.

The Tuberoſe that lofty ſprings,
Nor can ſupport its height,
Well repreſents imperious kings,
Grown impotent by might.

IX.

Fragrant, though pale, the Lily blows;
To teach the female breaſt,
How virtue can its ſweets diſcloſe
In all complexions dreſt.

X.

To every bloom that crowns the year,
Nature ſome charm decrees;
Learn hence, ye nymphs, her face to wear,
Ye cannot fail to pleaſe.

SONG.



S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE, Strephon, thus you tease me,
 To say, what won my heart;
 It cannot sure be treason,
 If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, though charming;
 'Twas not your eyes, though bright;
 'Twas not your bloom, though warming;
 Nor beauty's dazzling light.

'Twas not your dress, though shining,
 Nor shape, that made me sigh:
 'Twas not your tongue, complaining,
 For that I knew—might lye.

No—'twas your generous nature;
 Bold, soft; sincere, and gay;
 It shone in every feature,
 And stole my heart away.

THE



THE CABINET; OR, VERSES ON ROMAN MEDALS.
TO MR. WALKER. BY MR. GRAVES*.

I.

LO! the rich Casket's mimic dome!
Where cells in graceful rows
The triumphs of imperial Rome
In miniature disclose.

II.

Less sacred far those tinèl shrines,
In which the faintèd bones,
And relics, modern Rome confines,
Of legendary drones.

III.

In figur'd brass we here behold
From time's wide waste retriev'd,
What patriots firm or heroes boid
In peace or war atchiev'd.

IV.

Or silver orbs, in series fair,
With titles deck'd around,
Present each Cæsar's face and air
With rays or laurels crown'd.

* Richard Graves, second son of Richard Graves, Esq; was born at Mickleton, in the County of Gloucester, May 4, 1715. He was educated at Abington School, Berks; elected from thence Nov. 1, 1732, a Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford; and chosen Fellow of All Souls College, 1736. In 1739 he became M. A. He is now Rector of Claverton, and Vicar of Kilmeriden, in the County of Somerset.

V.

Ages to come shall hence be taught,
In lasting lines express'd,
How mighty Julius spoke or fought,
Or Cleopatra dress'd.

VI.

Augustus here with placid mien
Bids raging discord cease;
The gates of War close-barr'd are seen,
And all the world is peace.

VII.

A race of tyrants then succeeds,
Who frown with brow severe;
Yet though we shudder at their deeds,
Ev'n Nero charms us here.

VIII.

Thus did the blooming Titus look
Delight of human kind;
Great Hadrian thus, whose death bespoke
His firm yet gentle mind.

IX.

Aurelius too! thy stoic face
Indignant we compare
With young Faustina's wanton grace,
And meretricious air.

X.

Each passion here and virtue shines
In liveliest emblems dress'd:
Less strong in Tully's ethic lines,
Or Plato's flights express'd.



T O - M O R R O W .

BY THE SAME.

Percont et Imputantur.

TO-morrow, didst thou say !
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
 Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow !
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury,
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
 The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !
 It is a period no where to be found
 In all the hoary registers of Time,
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments ;
 For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales ;
 And though their flight be silent, and their path

XVI.

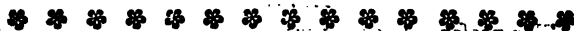
Happy the sage ! like you, my friend,
The evening of whose days
Heav'n grants in that fair vale to spend
Where Thames delighted frays.

XVII.

To medals there and books of taste
Those moments you consign,
Which barren minds ignobly waste
On dogs, or cards, or wine.

XVIII.

Whilst I 'mid rocks and savage woods
Enjoy these golden dreams ;
Where Avon winds to mix her floods
With Bladud's healing streams.



P A N A G E A

Or, The Grand Restoration

By the Same.

WELCOME to Baize's streams, ye sons of spleen,
Who rove from spa to spa—to shift the scene ;
While round the streaming fount you idly throng,
Come, learn a wholesome secret from my song.

^a Claverton near Bath, 1750.

Ys

Ye fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,
 And drops supply the place of spirits lost :
 Ye 'squires, who, rack'd with gout, at heav'n repine,
 Condemn'd to water for excess in wine :
 Ye portly cits, so corpulent and full,
 Who eat and drink 'till appetite grows dull ;
 For whets and bitters then unstring the purse,
 Whilst nature more oppress'd grows worse and worse ;
 Dûpes to the craft of pill-prescribing leaches :
 You nod or laugh at what the parson preaches,
 Hear then a rhyming quack,—who spurns your wealth,
 And gratis gives a sure receipt for health.
 No more thus vainly roam o'er sea and land,
 When lo ! a sovereign remedy at hand :
 'Tis Temperance—stale cant !—'Tis Fasting then ;
 Heav'n's antidote against the sins of men.
 Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain :
 To scour th' obstructed glands, abstain ! abstain !
 Fast and take rest, ye candidates for sleep,
 Who from high food tormenting vigils keep :
 Fast and be fat—thou starveling in a gown :
 Ye bloated, fast—'twill surely bring you down.
 Ye nymphs, that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
 Hence take fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your souls.
 Fast and fear not—you'll need no drop nor pill :
 Hunger *may* starve, excess is *sure* to kill.



The HEROINES, or MODERN MEMOIRS.

BY THE SAME.

IN ancient times, some hundred winters past,
 When British dames, for conscience sake, were chaste,
 If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd,
 From Virtue's paths unhappily had stray'd;
 When banish'd reason re-assum'd her place,
 The conscious wretch bewail'd her soul's disgrace;
 Fled from the world, and pass'd her joyless years
 In decent solitude, and pious tears,
 Veil'd in some convent made her peace with heaven,
 And almost hop'd—by Prudes to be forgiven.

Not so of Modern w—res th' illustrious train,
 Renown'd Constantia ^a, P—ton ^b and V—ne ^c;
 Grown old in sin, and dead to amorous joy,
 No acts of penance *their* great souls employ.
 Without a blush behold each nymph advance,
 The luscious Heroine of her own romance.
 Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,
 And boldly prints and publishes her shame.

1751.

^a Teresa Constantia Philips.

^b Mrs. Letitia Pilkington.

^c See this lady's Memoirs in the Life of Peregrine Pickle.



The P A R T I N G.

By the Same.

Written some Years after Marriage.

I.

THE rising sun through all the grove
Diffus'd a gladsome ray:
My Lucy smil'd, and talk'd of love ;
And every thing look'd gay.

II.

But oh ! the fatal hour was come,
That forc'd me from my dear:
My Lucy then through grief was dumb,
Or spoke but by a tear.

III.

Now far from her and bliss I roam,
All nature wears a change:
The azure sky seems wrapt in gloom,
And every place looks strange.

IV.

Those flow'ry fields, this verdant scene,
Yon larks that towering sing,
With sad contrast increase my spleen,
And make me loath the spring.

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Z

V. My

V.

My books that wont to sooth my mind
No longer now can please :
There only those amusement find
That have a mind at ease.

VI.

Nay life itself is tasteless grown
From Lucy whilst I stray :
Sick of the world I muse alone
And sigh the live-long day.

1748.



O D E t o M E M O R Y. 1748.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

I.

O Memory! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

II. And

II.

And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favour'd crook she bound ;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd.
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.

III.

And sketch with care the Muse's bow'r,
 Where Isis rolls her silver tide ;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r,
 That shines on Cherwell's verdant side ;
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

IV.

The song it vails not to recite—
 But sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams ;
 Or by thy softening pencil shewn,
 Assume they beauties not their own ?

V.

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
 When, all beneath the poplar bough,
 My spirits light, my soul serene,
 I breath'd in verse one cordial vow ;
 That nothing should my soul inspire,
 But friendship warm, and love entire.

VI.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
 On thee the drooping Muse attends ;
 As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
 On thy expressive pow'r depends ;
 Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
 To live the lord of all that shines.

VII.

But let me chase those vows away
 Which at ambition's shrine I made ;
 Nor ever let thy skill display
 Those anxious moments, ill repaid :
 Oh ! from my breast that season raise,
 And bring my childhood in its place.

VIII.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
 And bring the hobby I bestrode ;
 When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
 Around the room I jovial rode :
 Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
 And bring the whistle that I blew.

IX.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
 Why did not these enjoyments last ?
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste ?
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But, ah ! for pleasure yield us pain.



The Princess E L I Z A B E T H^a:

A Ballad, alluding to a Story recorded of her, when she
was a Prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

BY THE SAME.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

^a Afterwards Queen. Hollingshead, speaking of her confinement, says,—“no marvell, if she hearing upon a time out of hir garden at
“Woodstocke a certaine milkmaide singing pleasantlie, wished herself
“to be a milkmaide as she was; saying that her case was better, and life
“merrier.”

Malice never taught to treasure,
 Censure never taught to bear :
 Love is all the shepherd's pleasure ;
 Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
 Vainly blame the powers above ?
 Or accuse the dispensation
 Which allows them all to love ?

Love like air is widely given ;
 Pow'r nor chance can these restrain ;
 Truest, noblest gifts of heaven !
 Only purest on the plain !

Peers can no such charms discover,
 All in stars and garters drest,
 As, on Sundays, does the lover
 With his nosegay on his breast,

Pinks and roses in profusion,
 Said to fade when Chloe's near ;
 Fops may use the same allusion,
 But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
 Cheerly o'er the brimming pail ;
 Cowslips all around her springing
 Sweetly aint the golden vale.

Never

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters might I rove:
Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living,
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.



ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

Somewhat too folicitous about her Manner of Expression.

BY THE SAME.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray;
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow:
 Not all thy art, nor all thy care,
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
 With native plants enamell'd o'er;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose,
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark,

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every study'd grace excei;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic rules confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.



VERSES written towards the close of the Year 1748,
to WILLIAM HENRY LYTTLETON, Esq;*

By the Same.

HOW blithely pass'd the Summer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower.

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Sixth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, and brother of George, the first Lord Lyttelton. He was created Baron Westcote, of Balamore, in the county of Longford, July 21, 1766; and is at present member for Bawdley. ^A

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In quest of joy they steer ;
Whilst I, alas ! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year !

O pensive autumn ! how I grieve
Thy forrowing face to see !
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey !
Haste, Winter, haste ; usurp the sky ;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
Yon' sickening leaves retain ;
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require ;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard !
Inspiring Autumn sung ;
Yet how should we the months regard,
That stopp'd his flowing tongue ^b ?

^b Mr. Thomson died August 27, 1748.

Ah

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
 To whose hard share it fell !
 For sure he was the gentlest breast
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
 The roofs they lov'd before ;
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
 To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
 The sportsman's frantic deed ;
 While hounds and horns and yells unite
 To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown !
 Ye skies no longer blue !
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green ?
 The zephyr's balmy gale ?
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
 That brighten'd every vale ?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
 And boast her purple store ;
 Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
 Can soothe our sorrows more.

He !

He ! he is gone, whose moral strain
 Could wit and mirth refine ;
 He ! he is gone, whose social vein
 Surpass'd the power of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
 In yon sequester'd grove,
 To him a votive urn I raise * ;
 To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,
 I grave your Thomson's name ;
 And there, his lyre ; which fate forbad
 To found your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
 Dark themes of hopeless woe ;
 And, faster than the dropping fount,
 I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

* Instead of the urn, Mr. Shenstone afterwards inscribed the following lines on one of the seats in his grounds :

CELEBERRIMO POETAE
 JACOBO THOMSON,
 PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
 G. S.

SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona ?
 Nam neque me tantum venientis fribus austri,
 Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
 Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles.

There

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground ;
 And Spring will there again be seen,
 To call forth flowers around.

But no kind funs will bid me share,
 Once more, His social hour ;
 Ah, Spring ! thou never canst repair
 This loss to Damon's bower.



S O N G S.

By the Same.

I.

IN a vale fring'd with woodland, where grottos abound,
 And rivulets murmur, and echoes resound,
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care ;
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung ;
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue :
 But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I should wish, unawares, that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd ;
 Allusions to none but the nymph I ador'd ;
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah

Ah ! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew ;
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

II. DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds ! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love :
 My Daphne with your notes detain ;
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain :

Ye flowers ! before her footsteps rise ;
 Display at once your brightest dyes ;
 That she your opening charms may see :
 Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flower,
 And shed its odours round my bower :
 Or never more, O gentle wind,
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams ! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur sooth my fair ;
 Or oh ! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine furrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom ;
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

III. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
How bright beneath the bush it glows;
How safely there it lurks conceal'd;
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempt it to wanton in the blaze,
A blast descends from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair! your charms divine;
And check the fond desire to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade:
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd, " You first, my swain;
" Confine your sonnets to the plain;
" One envious tongue alike disarms,
" You, of your wit; me, of my charms.

" What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
" Or what, unknown, the poet's skill?
" What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
" Or what the rose's blush, unseen?"

IV. Written

IV. Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
 Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
 But limpid stream and shady tree
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
 See yonder does my Daphne rove :
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,
 And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

V. Imitated

V. Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd ;
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid ;
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run ;
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun !
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

Yes, these are the meadows, the strubs and the plains,
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains ;
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove !
 How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my love !
 Be still though, my heart ! thine emotion give o'er ;
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs !
 Then breathless with ardor my fair one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd !
 But be still, my fond heart ! this emotion give o'er ;
 Fain would'st thou forget thou must love her no more.



RURAL INSCRIPTIONS.

By the Same.

I. On a Root-Herbs.

HERE in cool grot, and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and faeries dwell :
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon, ascending high,
 Darts through yon' limes her quivering beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave ;
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor ;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
 Be sure your bosoms be serene ;
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisons life ;
 And much it vails you, in their place,
 To graft the love of human race :

And tread with awe these favour'd bow'rs,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flow'rs,
So may your paths with sweets abound!
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward swain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunt prophane!

OBERON.

II. In a shady Valley, near a running Water.

O! Let me haunt this peaceful shade,
Nor let ambition e'er invade

The tenants of this leafy bow'r,
That thus her paths, and slight her pow'r.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies,
From social meads and open skies;
Pleas'd, by this rill, her course to trace,
And hide her sapphire-plumaged race.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forfakes the river's proud domains;
Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I heard the Naiad say,
"Flow, flow, my stream! this devious way:
"Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
"Thy waters, lovely cool and fair.

" Flow, gentle stream! nor let the vain
 " Thy small unfully'd stores disdain:
 " Nor let the pensive sage repine,
 " Whose latent course resembles thine."

III. On a small Building in the Gothic Taste.

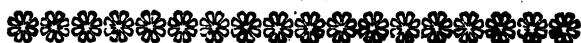
AD Thou that bathe in courtly blythe!
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy sphere!
 Doe not too rashly deeme amysse
 Of him, that hydes contentid here.

Nor yet disdain the rustie Noote,
 Whythe a' or each careless lynde he syngs.
 Nor yet deride the beechen bowle,
 In which he quaffs the lymptd syngs.

Forgyde him, if, at eve or day,
 Devoyde of worldlyge carke he stay:
 Or, all besyde some holmerge lawne,
 He waste his inoffensive day.

So may He pardonne fraud and strife,
 If such in courtlye hauns he see:
 For faultes there beene in busye lyfe,
 From whych these peaceful glennes are free.

A Pastoral



A Pastoral BALLAD, in Four Parts,
Written in 1743.

By the Same.

Arbuta humileſque myrica.

VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never careleſſly roam!
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home,
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

II.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire,
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repell;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

* Dr. Johnson obſerves, that though Mr. Shenſtone was never married, yet he might have obtained the lady to whom this ballad was addreſſed.

III.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine ;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

IV.

But why do I languish in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

V.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought— but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

VI. The

VI.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

I.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white-over with sheep,
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

II.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar twines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

III,

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamin strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away,

IV.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow!
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

V,

I have found out a gift for my fair;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed,
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

The little rogues now pass'd the row,
 And look'd, and mov'd I don't know how,
 And, ambling hand in hand, appear
 Before the mighty Thunderer.
 Low at his throne they bent the knee:
 He smil'd the blushing pair to see,
 Lay'd his tremendous bolt aside,
 And strok'd their cheeks, and kiss'd the bride.

Says Juno, since our Jove's so kind,
 My dear, some present I must find.
 In greatest pleasures, greatest dangers,
 We and the sex were never strangers;
 With bounteous hand my gifts I spread,
 Presiding o'er the marriage-bed.
 Soon, for the months are on the wing,
 To you a daughter fair I bring,
 And know, from this your nuptial morn
 Shall Pleasure, smiling babe, be born.
 But for the babe we must prepare;
 That too shall be your Juno's care.
 Apollo from his golden lyre
 Shall first assist us with the wire;
 Vulcan shall make the silver pin;
 The basket thus we shall begin,
 Where we may put the child's array,
 And get it ready by the day.
 The nymphs themselves with flowers shall dress it,
 Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.

III. SOLICITUDE.

I.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is every way pleasing to me.

II.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

III.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets He dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

IV. 'Tis

In vain heaven tempers life with sweet,
With flowers the way, that leads us home, bestrews,
If dupes to passion, and deceit,
We drink the bitter, and the rugged choofe.

Few can on Grandeur's stage appear,
Each lofty part with true applause sustain,
No common virtue safe can steer
Where rocks unnumber'd lurk beneath the main.

Then happiest he, whose timely hand
To cool Discretion has the helm resign'd;
Enjoys the calm, in sight of land,
From changing tides secure, and trustless wind.



O D E T O F A N C Y.

BY THE SAME.

I.

GILDING with brighter beams the vernal ~~lies~~,
Now hastes the car of day to rise.
Youth, and Mirth, and Beauty leads
In golden reins the sprightly steeds,
With wanton Love that rolls his sparkling eyes.
U 3 Morpheus,

VII.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep :
 They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

II.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph to compleat would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah ! love every hope can inspire :
 It banishes wisdom the while ;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

III. She

III.

Me, sweet enchantress, deign to bear
 O'er the seas, and through the air ;
 O'er the plains extended wide,
 O'er misty hills, and curling clouds, we ride,
 Now mounting high, now sinking low,
 Through hail and rain, and vapours go,
 Where is treasur'd up the snow ;
 Where sleeps the thunder in its cell ;
 Where the swift-wing'd lightnings dwell ;
 Or where the blust'ring storms are taught to blow.
 Now tread the milky way ;
 Unnumber'd worlds that float in æther spy,
 Among the glittering planets stray,
 To the lunar orbit fly,
 And mountains, shores, and seas descry.
 Now catch the music of the spheres ;
 Which, since the birth of time,
 Have, in according chime,
 And fair proportion, rolling round,
 With each diviner sound,
 Attentive Silence, pierc'd thy list'ning ears ;
 Unheard by all, but those alone
 Whom to Wisdom's secret throne
 The Muse, with heav'n-taught guidance, deigns to bring,
 To trace the sacred paths with hallow'd feet ;
 Or, Fancy, who the mystic-shade,
 In thy airy car, pervade,
 Where Plato's raptur'd spirit holds its solemn seat.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

When oh ! with grief the Muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O spare my love, and let me die,

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas ! was all too true:
O ! had he chose some other game !
Or shot—as he was wont to do !

Divided pair ! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

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